FEBRUARY No.50

LET US ENTERTAIN YOU

SICK SPOOFS THE WORLD OF MOD

PDC

30¢

50th ISSUE BONUS

WHAT-TO-WEAR Pin-Up CALENDAR

BOB TAYLOR

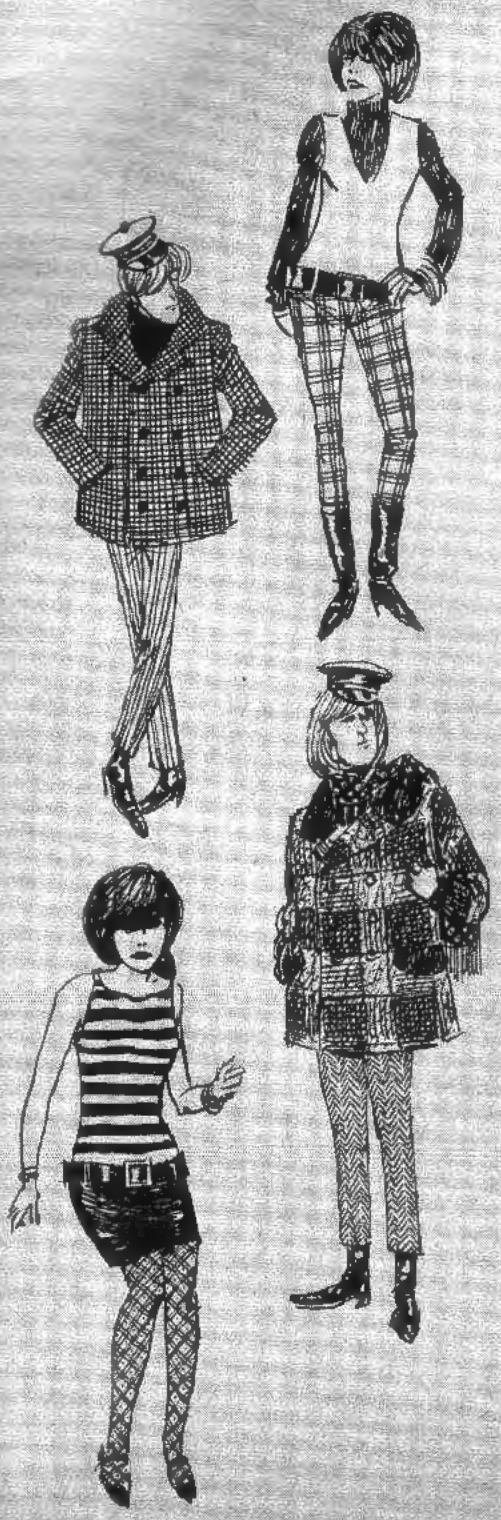
Major Nightmares No. 10063

The day they named The White Knight

MOD PICTORIAL

1967 What to Wear CALENDAR

see back cover



No. 50

Vol. 7, No. 2 February, 1967

COMPUTERIZED CARTOONS
A series of cartoons for the Age of Automation, that has as its hero a computer machine—a machine so funny it recently got a job as a social director in the Catskill Mountains! These cartoons were drawn by a mystery cartoonist named "Thumbtack"—who may be a machine himself, for all we know 9

COMBINING TV WESTERN SHOWS
What it would be like if several TV Western Shows combined into one spectacular—something like "Have Gunsmoke, Will Travel By Iron Horse To The Bonanza At Laredo In The Wild Wild West!" Reading this article, you'll want to start rip roarin' and rip snortin'—but mostly, you'll want to rip pages, the ones from the article! 13

TEENMAN
The latest adventures of SICK's super hero has him crashing the LBJ ranch where he creates a lot of fire and brimstone—they try to barbecue him alive! This time out TEENMAN tries to get a bill passed enabling teenagers to vote—it's vetoed when the teenagers want Ringo Starr for President! 17

NEW MOD FASHIONS
Another glimpse into the world of MOD which reveals the late Mod wear—the late Mod wear meaning when you put them on you look dead! In a recent poll these fashions were selected as those that all America should wear—the poll was conducted by the Viet Cong! 25

AFTER SQUARE TREES, WHAT?
A new absurdity today is growing square trees, and this article shows how it might look if other products took on different shapes—like square basketballs, round coffins and triangular meatballs! Mostly, this article shows what can happen when a square writer and artist get together — they create one of the squarest articles you ever saw! 34

MOD "WHAT-TO-WEAR" CALENDAR
A special 12-page section featuring the latest MOD outfits, with tips on what to wear each month of the year—if you last that long wearing them, that is! ..... Please turn to back cover

Joe Simon, *Editor* . . . Bob Powell, *Art Director* . . . Melissa Jane, *Messages*

Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent* . . . Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent*

Fred Wolfe, Correspondent At Large

James Richard, *Campus*
Jack Scott, *West Coast*
Angelo Torres, *Pe*
Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*
Bob Elliott, *Space*
Fran Dibacco, *Science*
Ivan Golownjaw, *Moscow*
Calvin Castine, *Champlain*

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A poem parody of "Gunga Din," which deals with the recent student riots at Berkeley — .These were the riots that took place after they read this poem.

From HUNGA' DEAN

On the Berkeley Scene

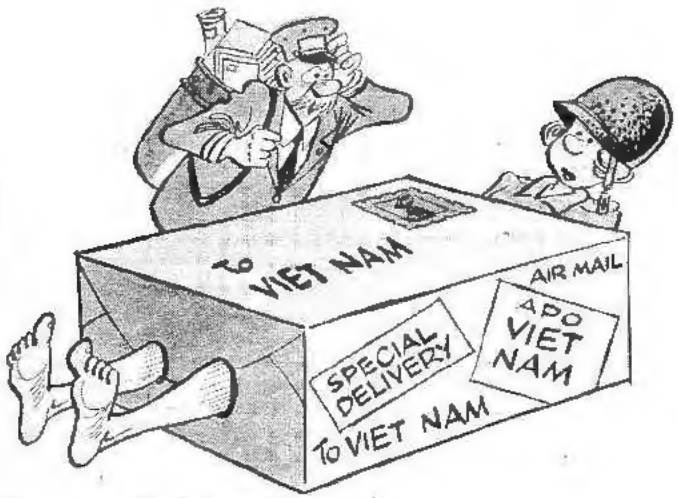
Art by Al Scaduto
Script by Fred Wolfe

It was up on Berkeley's campus
On the California Pampas
In a town that once was peaceful and serene.
Where our way-out student body
Made things hotter than a toddy
And that quiet town became a riot scene.

On the south side of our college
Where we picked up on our knowledge
In a small place just outside the Sather Gate.
We would speak for ev'ry cause, there.
Hustle dough from all who'd pause, there.
(Sather Gate was like a sep'rate student state).

But, a dean named Katy Towle
One day started in to howl.
Said the causes and the dough would have to go.
Said there'd be no politickin'
Then the plot began to thicken.
From this chicken, we would not accept this blow.

It was dean, dean, dean.
That From Hunger Berkeley dean!
Our hip politics she tried to quarantine.
Said each cat and all our sweet chicks
Were a bunch of seedy beatniks.
And then hinted that our necks were never clean.

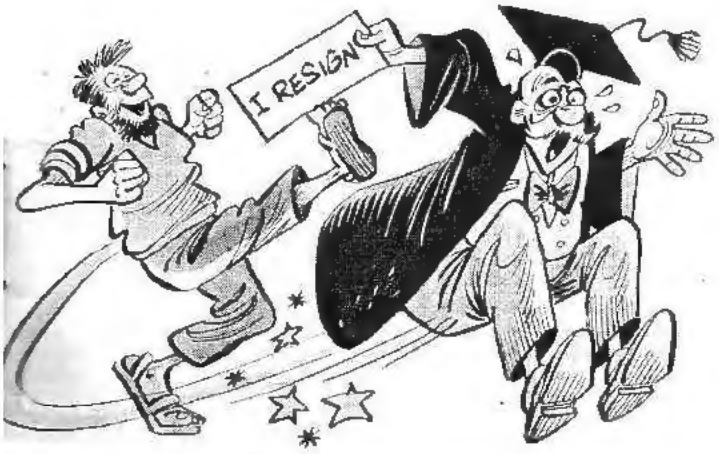


So, we got the lads and lasses.
(No one ever went to classes).
And we'd fix this chick (We'd really make her sweat!)
Now, don't let this next thing phase ya.
Though we've said: "Get out of Asia!"
Yet, this Katy dame we'd gladly send to Viet.

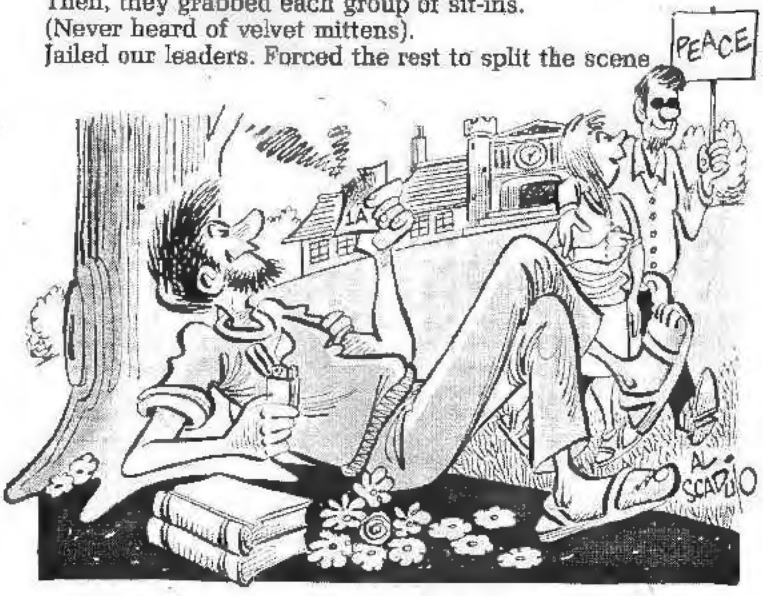
We would meet in coffee-houses
And would plot against those louses
Who were trying to deny our civil rights.
Man, this country's in a mess-oh.
"Jack, make mine a black espresso!"
We won't go to war; at home we'll stage our fights.

It was dean, dean, dean.
That From Hunger Berkeley dean!
Brought the law, and had them make the Berkeley scene.
Man, she got the fuzz to bug us.
On our fannies, there, they drug us.
They all looked like giants (Like that guy who's green).

Near the Hall that's known as Sproul
With the law we fought a duel.
On our backs, those Cossack cats began to lean.
Then, they grabbed each group of sit-ins.
(Never heard of velvet mittens).
Jailed our leaders. Forced the rest to split the scene.



But, the campus was a wreck, see?
We got rid of our square prexy.
He resigned — I think his mind went out of whack.
That'll teach those nowhere deans
Not to mess around with teens!
We had got our way, and got our leaders back.



Back on campus, we boo Johnson.
On our draft-cards, use a Ronson.
Now, it's quiet. All those riots; we did cease.
So, we broke a few square heads.
Like, why do they say we're Reds?
Can't they see, man, that we're only after **PEACE?**

INTERVIEW

Art by Angelo Torres

Dear Sir:

With reference to the letter submitted by young Peter Walbridge, printed in Edition No. 45. Quote in part "If they're superior to us, how come they don't rule America?" This statement applying to Australians.

If Mr. Walbridge is so superior, why isn't he, and his ilk, ruling America? Who is ruling America? Not, from what we read, and see in your exported television shows, the true, democratic, peaceful, courageous, honorable, humorous and wise American.

Australians do not wish to rule any country. We do not really possess an urgent desire to rule our own, unfortunately. However, neither do we wish our 20 year old boys to be caught in a foreign country with the Viet Cong on one side and nervous American soldiers on the other. Our kids are not lying in muddy graves for the purpose of ruling any country, apparently unlike young Mr. Walbridge, who instead of adjuring us to "watch our mouths", would do better perhaps to watch his own country's great organizations like the Ku Klux Klan, great historic moments like the wedding of the President's daughter, great cultural achievements like "Combat" and "12 O'Clock High".

Although it is still open to dispute, we are prepared to believe that we are fighting a common enemy. But just who is the enemy? Isn't there a strong possibility that it may be the adult Peter Walbridge?

P. G. Harrison
Flat 1 "Carisbrooke"
Echo Point Road
KATOOMBA
New South Wales
Australia.

Ed: Arm yourself, Peter Walbridge!

SICK Magazine:

In regards to that Sheep-Herdin' Booby, our "Stamp Collectin'" Mister Norris, and his anti-everybody remarks. This "Lamb" has the nerve to cast vicious slurs at "Our Purple Mountain Majesties," and "Our Rollin' Desert Vistas." Plus, placing the general American community in the league of "Associated Nuts'es." What say you, "People of SICK!" Should we of the "Red, White, and Blue" not be given our say. Our chance to push forward against these scandalous statements, or is it "Down Under" for you and your likes. I say Australia is part Kangaroo who go hoppin' about slingin' Boomerangs at anyone unwise enough to wander "Outback." The other half is Sheep, trillions'n billions of the fuzzy little things. What say you "Skeet," is this a true conception. By the way, do sheep in your Country-Continent have constitutional rights. Can they vote. Oh...I was wonderin', do you have black sheep in your flocks? You must have a few. Are they allowed to live peaceful lives as "Citizens of the Pasture," or are they only allowed to "Visit?" This guy dared us "Glorified Yanks" to insult him, but me; I get "My Happies" by pickin' on wild "Hoppers" and tame "Fuzzies." It's lucky the "Two" can't inbreed, there's enough Aussies as is.

C. L. "Junior" Black
590 S. 22 Street
Columbus, Ohio

Ed: You're a little "Quote Happy," aren't you, "Junior"?

Dear Finks;

I despise anyone who criticizes Sick. I even want to start an international club called the S.L.O.A. (Sick Lovers of America), to prove my Loyalty to the Sick people of the world (such as me!

Ronnie Bessette
2 King Avenue
Monson, Mass. U.S.A.

Ed: You couldn't think of a word to make it S.L.O.B.?

Dear Sir:

In regards to your fine outstanding magazine, I shall be "Semper Fidelis". Keep up the sickly work, men, it's great.

A. Farhead
U.S.M.C.
F.P.O. San Francisco, Cal.

Ed: Geronimo!

Dear Sick Editor:

As an ex Job Corpsman I feel that you should feel and look sick when Sgt. Shriver and Mr. Johnson, the Director of the job corps, come to you at the employment agency.

No matter what kind of issue you put out about the Job Corps you're as good as unemployed. But take into mind that all of the youths in the Job Corps will love you. I have sent you a Job Corps arm patch so you won't feel left out in the War on Poverty.

Ex Job Corpsman
328 Hudson St.
Syracuse, N.Y.

Ed: We don't feel left out—just left over.

Dear Sick:

Why do you just have letters to Sick and not a column to Huckleberry Fink? I especially enjoyed the Sick Dolls. They were sick!

I would like a wild male pen pal, over 14.

Ashley Tubstall
219 Walshwood Ave.
Mobile, Ala.

Ed: Huckleberry Fink is on the way!

Dear Sick:

It occurred to me while hearing of all the nationwide strikes in progress that it could be carried a bit too far and with cataclysmic results. Enclosed are four typical headlines from the future of consequences of various strikes. They are not completely finished nor very well drawn as I am not even a kindergarten art graduate. I had planned to mail them to a big magazine but after I had bought 'Sick' for the first time I thought they might be more appreciated by a second rate magazine. I have a self addressed letter enclosed but am unable to stamp as I am away from home and have no access to U.S. stamps. Hence, I enclose one Canadian dime worth 9.25¢ for postage.

Brian Harvey
1017 Centre St.
Niagara Falls, Canada

Ed: Sorry Brian—our secretary grabbed that stamp and ran off on a wild fling to Toronto.

Dear Ever Sickening Yanks:

I think your magazine is the most vile, raw, infantile, depressing, irritating, idiotic pile of stuff ever to come out that hole you call America. Boy, how low can you get??

Otherwise lots of luck, 'cos people like you really need it.

I remain a Sick reader forever.

Dorian du Teit
1261 Hirkly St.
Queenswood, Pretoria
South Africa

Ed: We're sending a commando unit to liberate you.

Dear Sick,

Thank heavens! I have just bought and read your forty-sixth issue ("War for Poverty"). I loved every second of it. I read your letter page and when I saw that a damn twit (Peter Walbridge by name) had condemned us Australians I decided to borrow your forty-fourth edition and read what the Aussies had said. They were very unkind, I fear, but remember we are not at all like that. So all I've got to say is keep up the good work.

Lial Heiser
307 Cavandish Road
Coorparoo, Brisbane,
Old Australia

Ed: Chalk one up for Australia.

Dear SICKies:

Your recent mag issues have now reached a *new high*.

Mainly the price of 30¢ for your SICK (which it definitely is) magazine.

Mel Whitney
1010 Edythe Avenue
Cornwall, Ontario, Can.

Ed: For you the price is 50 cents next issue.

Continued on next page

SICKCERELY YOURS:

Dear Sir:

On August 26, I wrote to you requesting a pen pal. I wonder if you will please reject it as I now have one and don't need two. I thank you very much.

Keane Thummel
300 N. 19th Street
Clarinda, Iowa

Ed: Everybody write to Keane.

Undear Morons:

I just finished your November issue. I couldn't wait to finish it because it undoubtedly was the worst anything I ever read!

The Duck Van Dyke protest should be protested against. The limericks were so bad I thought a two-year-old wrote them (I still do) and the Peace Corps Parody was so bad it wasn't even camp.

P.S. If I have to receive nasty letters back let them at least be from girls 16-19.

P.P.S. It's O.K. if you lie a little.

Robert D. Piliero
110 Butcher, Dorms for Men
University of Penn.
Phila. Penn. 19104

Ed: You're going to get a nasty letter from the two year old girl who wrote those limericks!

Dear Ed:

You are no longer cheap garbage, you are now expensive garbage. I don't know when this took place as I buy your magazine only every July. (I notice you don't print 'Sick' in July. Would you believe every August?)

Good for Teenman. You're a credit to the space race. How about a Sick Dracula story.

Randy Colgin
Imperial Gardens G-6
4100 East 29th St.
Tucson, Arizona

Ed: We did Dracula in July.

Dear Sick:

I just finished reading Sick's 7th birthday and it was great, especially the satire on The Rebel. I hope you have more satire like that and I like the pinup. There are many ways you can improve your magazine, but WHY TRY HARDER.

Your friend,
David Putkewicz
97 Long Hill Drive
Clifton, New Jersey

Ed: That's what WE always say.

CLASSICFRIED ADS

PEN PALS WANTED

Wanted: Pen Pals, boys or girls between 15 and 18. From anywhere. Denna Maeneu, 19 Franklin Ave. S.E., Wadent, Minnesota.

Offered: One great hunk of beautiful girl. Age 15 (Almost). Have a great California tan. Want a Pen Pal badly. (I'm Sick-Sick). Jasmine Markarian, 251 So. Orange Grove, Pasadena, California.

Girl wanted, Age: 12 or 13. Hair: Long blonde or brown. Cute: You bet. Likes: Paul Revere and Raiders, Records, Teen Books, Pizza, Golf, *Girls*. Dislikes: Big shots and snobs, dumb girls about 11. Height from 4'8" - 4'10". I am 12 years old, 4'8", have blonde brown hair. Bob Prophit, 4108 6th Street, Fort Madison, Iowa.

Pen Pal Wanted; from 17-21. I'm 20. My description: Dark brown hair. Brown eyes, 5'9½". Stamp collection, Coin Collection. Love to dance, like all kinds of sports. Jack Gutlerrez, 1503 West Florence Ave., Los Angeles, California.

I would like a girl Pen Pal but will take a boy. Likes: Girls, fast cars and rock and roll music. Dislikes: I can't put them down on paper. Description: 4'11", light brown hair, brown eyes and very good looking and modest. Age 14. Joe Jackson, Sreton, Missouri.

Would like slick chick, sick nik for pen pal (Age 17-19). My hobbies are collecting subways, stepping on rotten bananas, giggling in church, thinking bad things and sculpturing in hardened egg whites. Am unbelievably handsome, my IQ is 517, and my personality makes John Lennon blush. I like chocolate. Ralph, King of the World, 54 Hemlock St., Arlington, Mass.

I would like a boy Pen-Pal 16-18 years of age. Would prefer surfer. Fairly long hair, prefer blonds but any color will do. Description: Age fifteen, Blue eyes, long straight blonde hair. 5'4½" and good figure! Weight 110 lbs. Sophomore at Sequel High. Likes: Surfing, dances, parties, Peter & Gordon, and Herman's Hermits. Dislikes: Boys that hardly talk, brag a lot and think they're high class. Terry Penner, 1841 Alice Street, Santa Cruz, California.

I would like to write to a girl from 15-17 years anywhere in the U.S.A. Name: Allan Knight, Age: 17. Likes: Rolling Stones, Byrds, Yardbirds, Bob Dylan, some Folk Music and tape recordings. 61 Meridian Street, Coorparoo, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

Boy Pen Pal Wanted: Age: 14-16, preferably cute. Janet Kinney, Age 14. Likes: Horseback riding, Surfing, Dancing, Golf and Revere & Raiders. Description: Long Blonde Hair, Green Eyes, 5'3", Cute & "SICK". 1930 N. Trinity Dr., Charleston, S.C.

Handsome boy, 16, would like girl correspondent. Dream girl would be between 13-15 years old. Specialty, Love letters for crestfallen girls. Duckie McGehee, 1819 Wheeler Dr., Nachez, Miss.

Girl Pen Pal Wanted. 5'3" - 5'6". Blue eyes if possible. I would like her to be hip and have a few curves. I will answer all letters from everyone. Terry Cassell, 815 Garrett St., Greensboro, North Carolina.

Wanted: Cute Girls 18, 19, 20, Long blonde hair if possible. Collegiate dress. Please send picture. Description: 20 yrs. old. 5'9", brown hair and eyes. Marine Corp. Dig Jazz and dancing. Pvt. Latina, S.L., 2244613, MCB Supply School, C/O Menford Point, Camp Lejune, North Carolina.

Wanted: Pen pals, preferably boys, ages 17-19, can be from anywhere. Must like country-western music. Linda Cash, 525 S.E. Colfax Ave., Wadena, Minn.

Sick (female) Pen pal wanted. 13-15 years old, like boys, The Monkeys, dancing, surfing and all other characteristics of a Blue Blood. About me: I go to Pittsford High and have dark brown hair, hazel brown eyes, 5'4½" tall and love girls. Steve Peinan, 4 Ann Lynn Drive, Pittsford, New York.

Wanted: Pen pals from entire world (especially Europe), 14-16. Must be wild, cute, sweet girl. I'm 5'4", have dark hair and brown eyes. I'm impulsive and have a few curves. Just one last preference, you have to be male, (and muscular). Gladys Shannon, 2221 Lamores, Midand, Michigan.

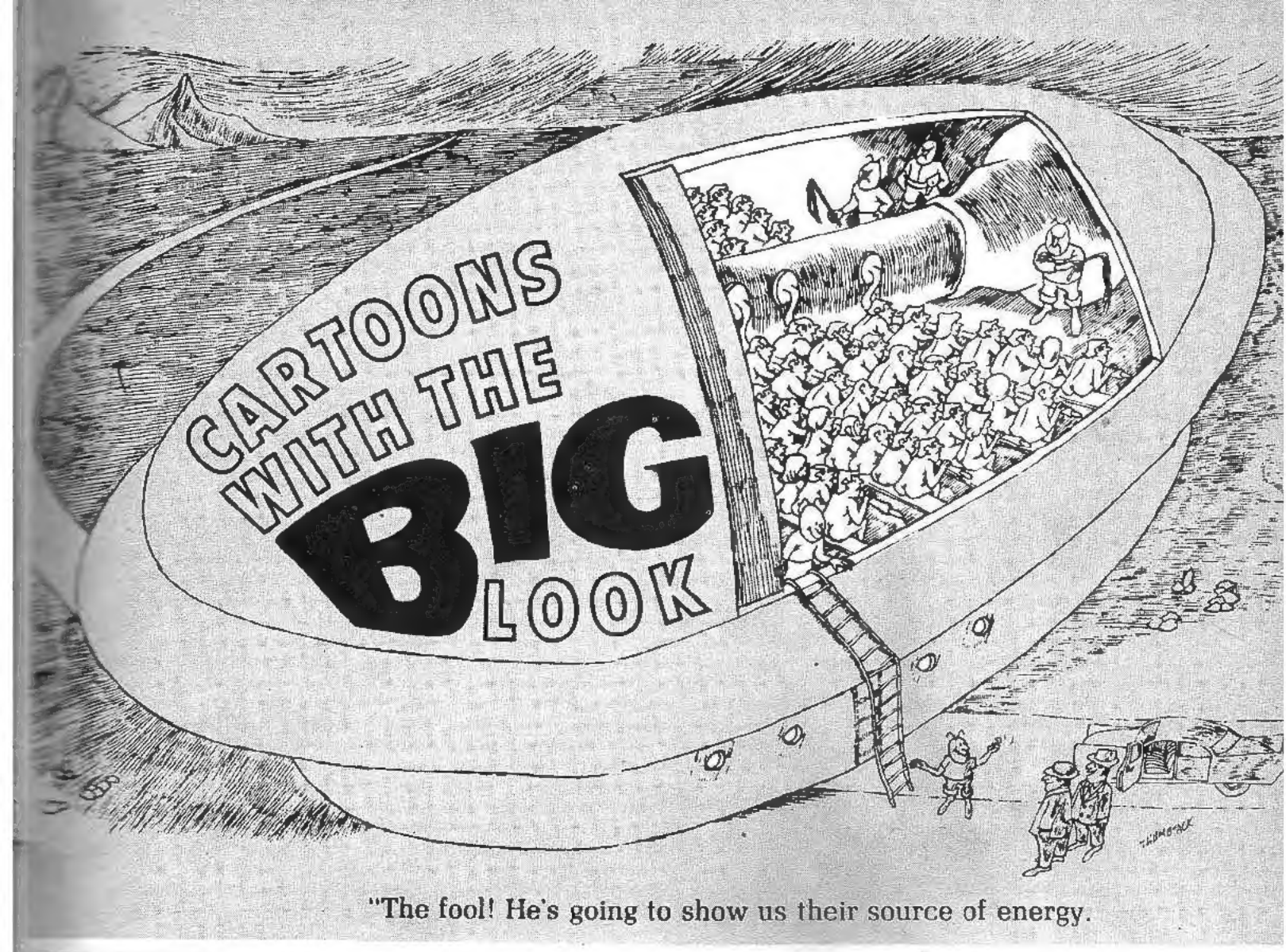
Teenage Disc Jocky, 16 (but seems to be 17) wants to correspond with girls ages 15-17, preferably cute: Hair: any color, Must have varied interest in music and hopefully an interest in radio, however faint. Rex Bailey, 309 E. Oak Ave., Lempec, California.

Next Issue

We think we are going to do the same thing again... just like the Number 1 magazine!

STILL NUMBER TWO

Why try harder?



"The fool! He's going to show us their source of energy.

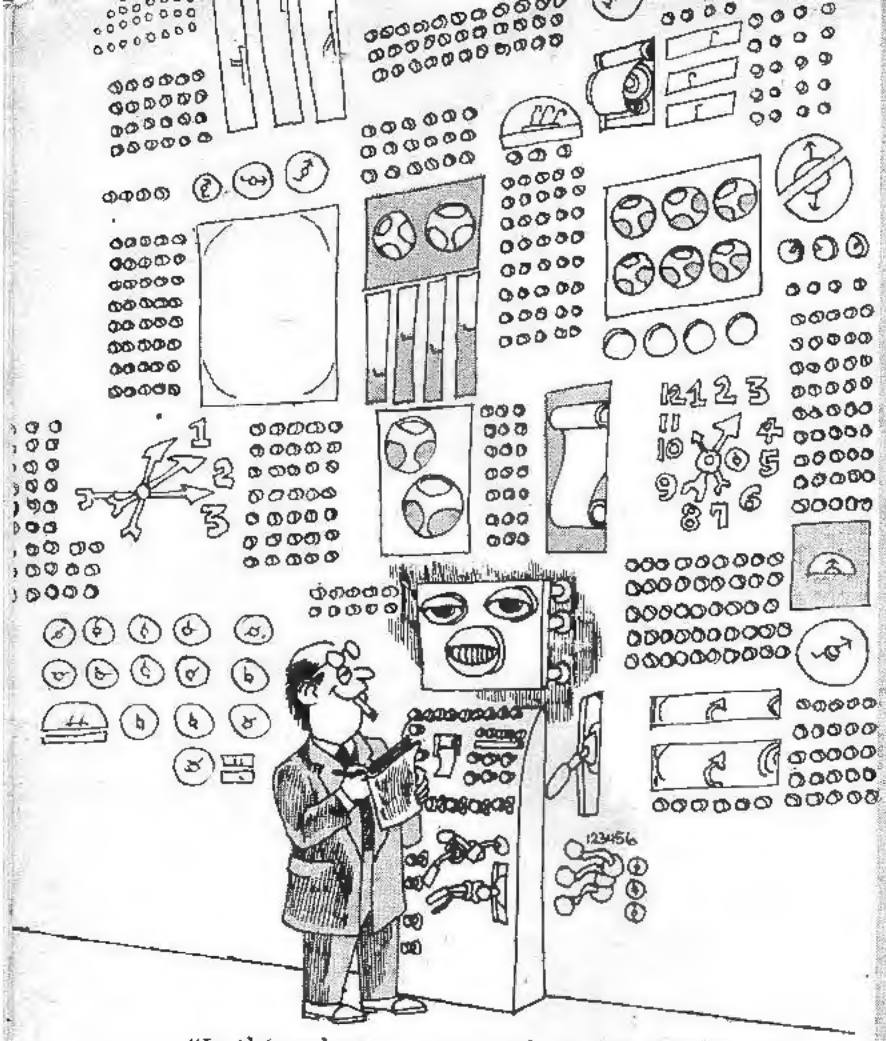
starring The MAD COMPUTERS

by THUMBTACK

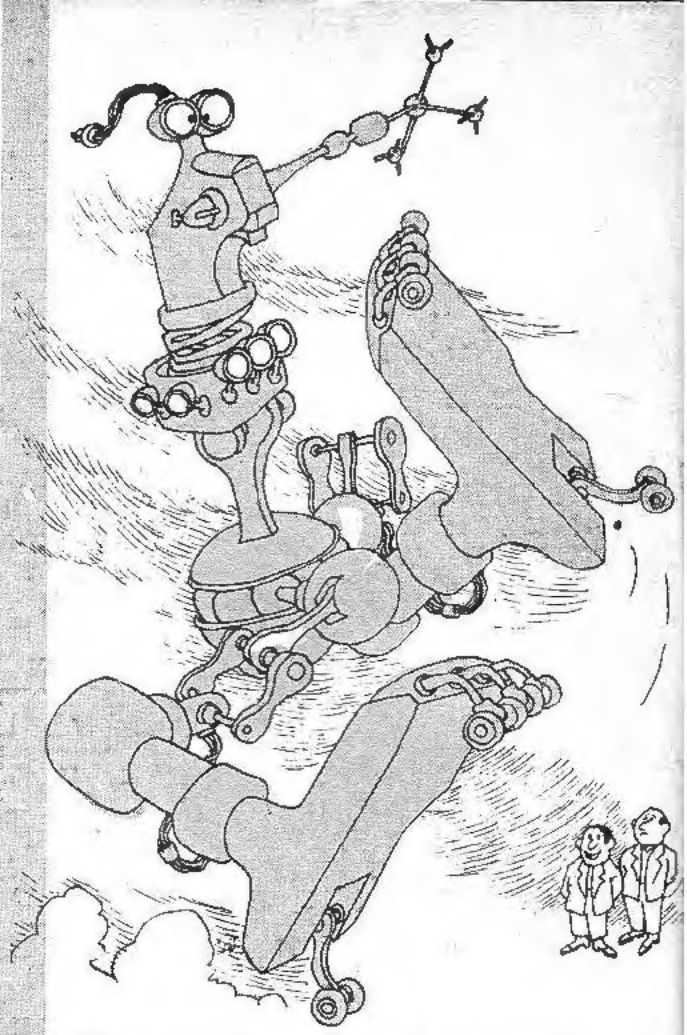
In this age of automation, strange things are happening! Machines are now doing the work of secretaries (although they're not as much fun on your lap) and have branched out into school-rooms, factories, and other facets of industry. And now, we think they've even gone into the art world. As witness this cartoon-book by a mysterious Picasso of the punch-card set, called "Thumbtack." At first, we thought he called himself "Thumbtack" because he considered himself a pretty sharp artist. But, when his scripts were delivered by a wind-up type pigeon, we started to get suspicious.

At the time, we still didn't know for sure if this guy was a man or a machine, for although he talked to us on the telephone, he ended every message with: "**This is a recorded announcement!**" And our suspicions grew stronger when we wrote to him asking him to fill us in on some biographical background material. Like, when he mentioned his education, it never was quite clear to us whether he attended the "Massachusetts Institute of Technology," or if he was constructed there. And he caused a lot of raised eyebrows around the office when he mentioned that his wife had entered a beauty-contest and was voted "Miss UNIVAC"! But, we definitely started to get uneasy when he said that as a kid he had developed a crush on his teaching-machine, and that his mother called him "Thumbtack" because he was a chip off the old computer. And when every letter he sent to us was marked: "Do not fold, spindle or mutilate!"—**Brother!**

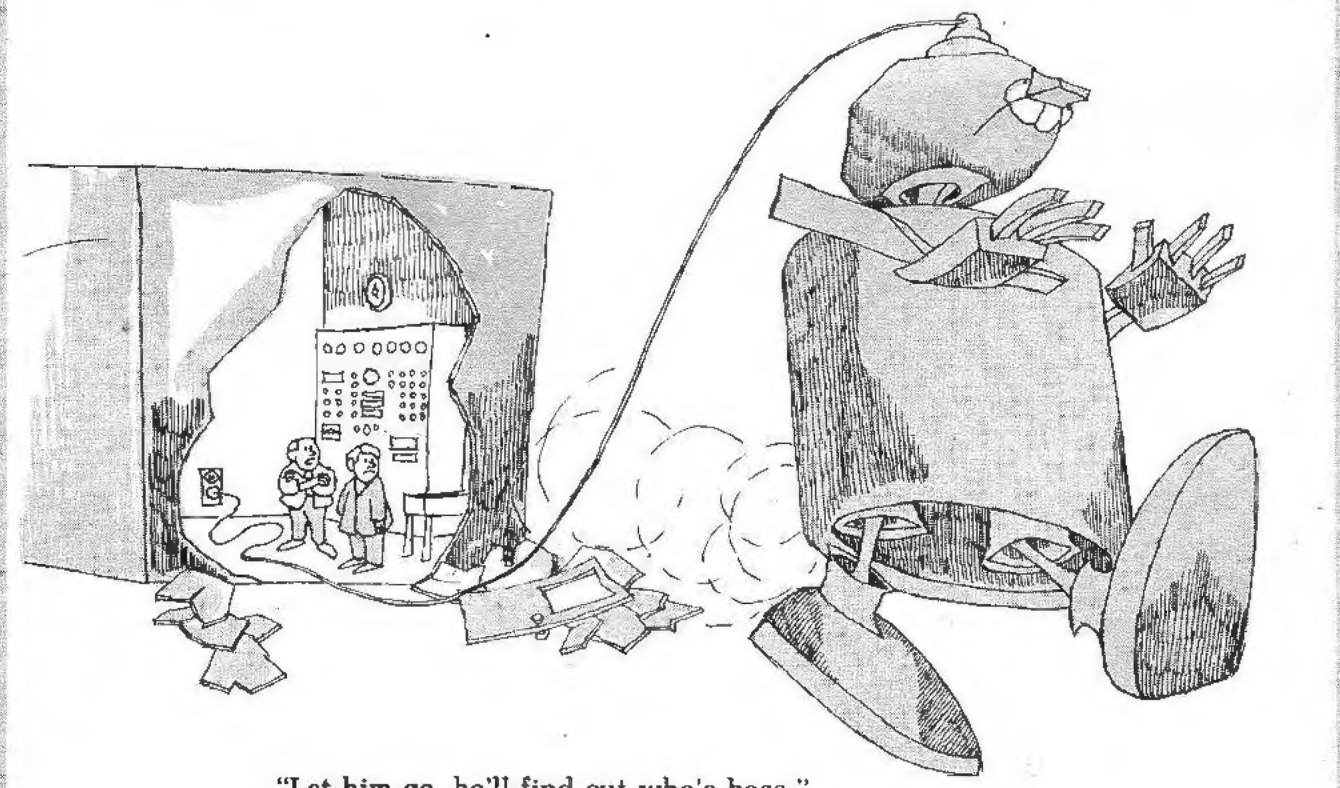
With so much talent, we were willing to overlook his mechanized idiosyncrasies. Yet, tolerant as we are, we wish he wouldn't insist on addressing the editor as "**Earthling**"!



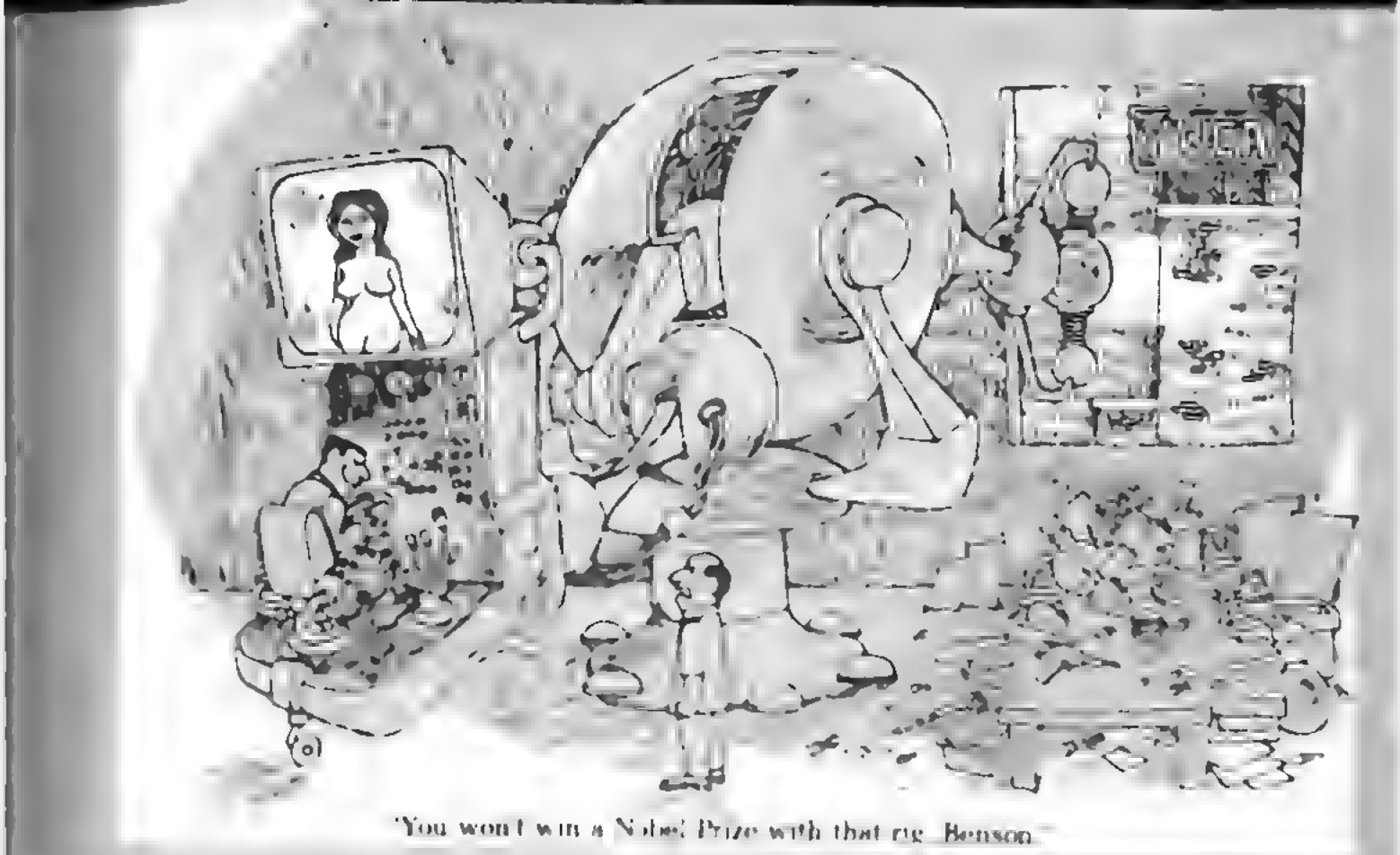
"Is this what you created me for, Professor, to pick a horse race?"



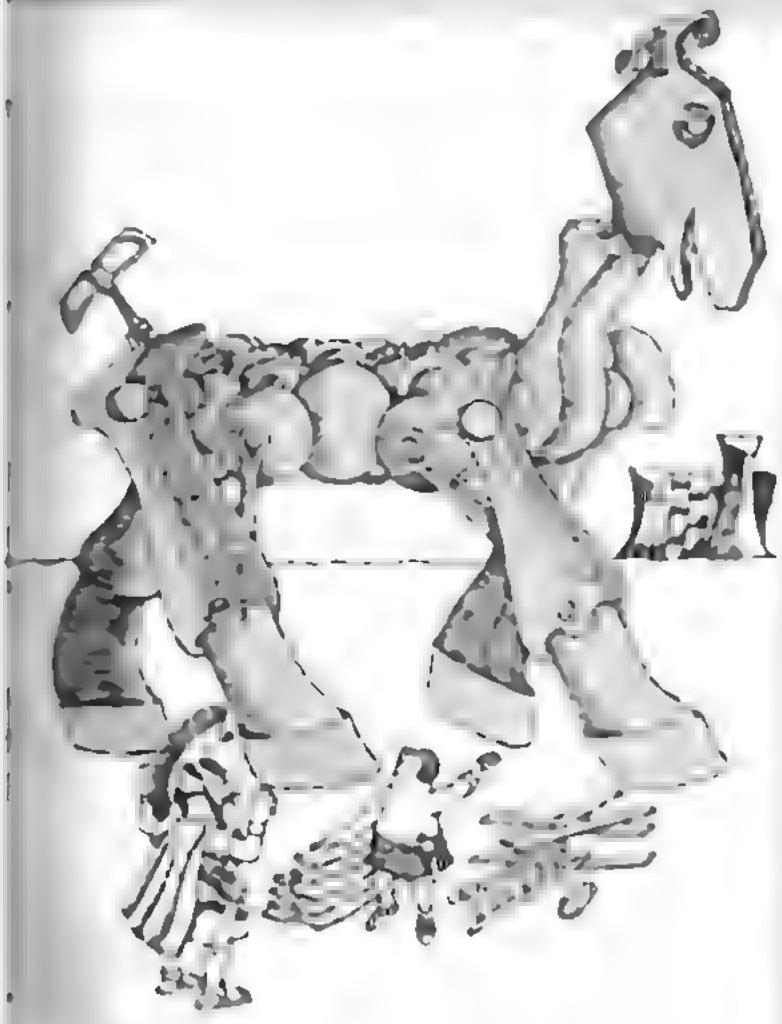
"It doesn't do anything constructive. I built him for laughs."



"Let him go, he'll find out who's boss."



"You won't win a Nobel Prize with that rig, Benson."



"No! No! No! You missed the whole idea."

"Watch your step. One of them may be our daddy."

"Merry Christmas, world."

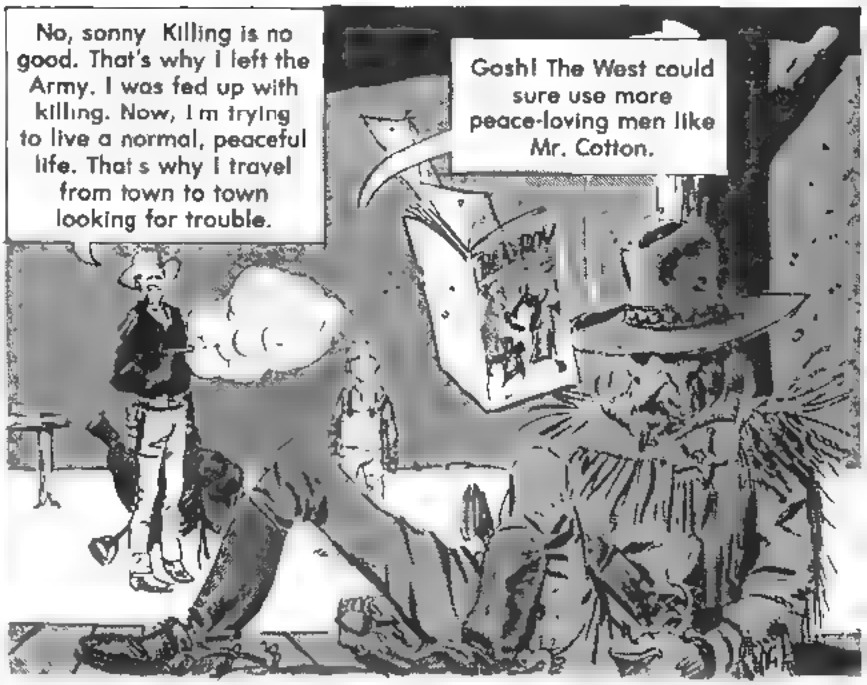
Out of the crop of TV Westerns, there were three that caught our attention. The first, which we found quite amusing, was a drama, the next one, which we thought was very dramatic, was a comedy, and the third had a little of both - humor and drama (very little). Since it would be unthinkable to do a satire on three separate Westerns, we've decided to mix them up, and see what comes up. This may not turn out to be the most hilarious satire you'll ever read, but we guarantee it'll be the most complicated.

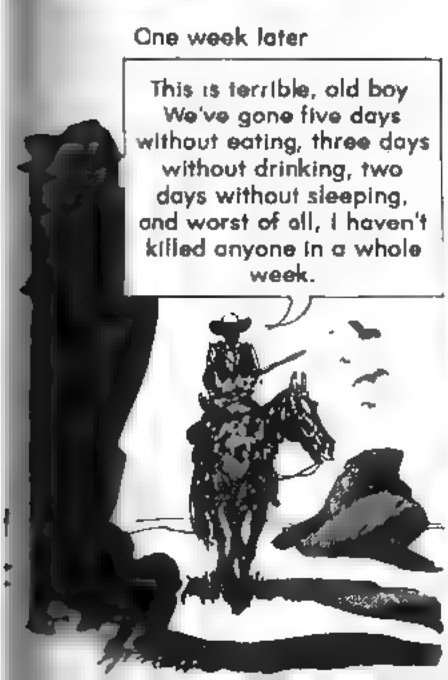
Prepare for thrills galore, when you learn of —

THE DAY THE LOANER WENT TO LAWREDO TO JOIN EF TROOP

Art by Angelo Torres

Script by Calvin Castine





Look! We saved Soldiers come.
Quick! Give me a gun, and I'll help you fight them.
Fight soldiers! What are you, some kind of nut?
How, Chief
What's with this "How" stuff? Doesn't anyone around here speak English?
What are you doing way out here. Ch ef? This is Indian territory.
We Indians too. We full-fledged members of the International Brotherhood of Redmen
We card-carrying Indians.
You in luck, we having big special this week on Indian scouts. Only 25¢ first mile, and 5¢ each mile after that. Cheaper than taxi.
I'm lost.
What you doing out here, white man? This Indian territory.
Also give green stamps
Why should I hire a guide? I'll simply follow you guys out.
Crazy paleface! That no do you any good. We lost, too.
How can an Indian get lost?
It not easy.
Take us a whole week to do it.
RIGHT WAY DO
YOUR HIGHWAY TAXES AT WORK
35
How! Ugh! And stuff like that!
What's with this ' How" jazz? Speak English.
Who are you?
Me Crazy Buffalo Ears Chief of the Huckowees. this Rooting Stomache - medicine man, and part-time barber.
Me specialize in brain surgery.
I've never heard of the Huckowees
We subsidiary of Apaches.

Want me to blow reveille, Cap'n?
Why should you play reveille now, Pvt. Dubs?
Well, sir, everytime the plot starts to dull an our show, you tell me to play reveille, and everyone laughs.
If you d at least learn how to blow through the small hole in your horn, it wouldn't be so bad.
How about letting one of your men lead us back to village, Captain? It's getting late. Nearly 6:00.
Hurry, or we miss Beverly Hillbillies.
It sure amazes me the way you Indians can tel the exact time, just by looking at the sun.
We no look at sun. We got genuine Hapalong Cassidy watches.
I guess I d better introduce myself. I'm Woolen Cotton The Loaner.
I'm Capt. Wiltin' Perimeter, I m the naive young officer. That big guy over there, is Sgt. O'riole, he s the scheming Sgt. The dopey-looking fellow next to him, is Corp. Agog, he's O'riole's dumb assistant. And, this girl hugging my arm is Wrangler Jeans. I'm not quite sure what her function is, but I'm sure not going to louse up a good thing by trying to find out.
You might just as well ride along with us to Lawrado, Mr. Cotton.
Why are you fellows heading for Lawrado?
It says so in the script, and us West Pointers always go by the book.
Boy, Sarge, being in a humor magazine sure is a great experience, ain't it? In the time it took to draw this panel, we went all the way from the middle of the desert to Main Street in Lawrado.
Look! A fight! It must be some of the local ruffians acting up. Why don t the Rangers stop them?
We'd better step in, someone could get hurt
Yeh, someone like us.
All right, fellows, break it it up. According to Emily Post, that's no the way for grown men to act.
I ought to throw the whole lot of you in jail for disturbing the peace.
Let me at em. I'll take on the whole dang bunch.
But, we were only trying to break up this fight between these crooks.
Yeh! Besides, we're servicemen. Where's your patriotism?
THIS MUST BE MARLBORO COUNTRY

Those guys aren't crooks. They're Rangers. They were only engaging in a friendly fist fight. All great lawmen spend their spare time that way.
Thanks, Capt. Pallmall. Now Chat and I can go about making a fool out of Recess, like we do every week.
You guys never made a fool out of me. I'm smarter than the both of you put together.
Awright, Recess, if you're so smart, what's the code of the Rangers?
'All the way, with L.B.J."? 'Be prepared!"? "We get our man!"? 'Don't be a litterbug!"? ' Only you can prevent forest fires!"?
Don t tell me, I'll think of it.
Gee, Sarge, now that I see that there are such crummy Rangers, I don't feel so bad about being such a lousy soldier.
You'll have to excuse us now, Captain. The men and I have a whole mess of Ranger duties to do. Chat and Joke have to go to the saloon, and drink and gamble for three hours. Recess has to get in a fight with a drunken cowboy over a saloon girl, and I have to get back to my office and tend to that broad I've got hidden in my filing cabinet.
I suppose this is all part of a scheme to catch a band of outlaws.
No, it's all part of a scheme to have a little fun.
When do you fight outlaws, capture bandits, and protect the people of Texas?
Are Rangers supposed to do that, too?
HOW TO TEXAS RANGE
Hey! Just a minute here! I m the star of Lawrado! How come I ain't getting hardly any of the lines.
Gee, Recess, on television you've got a funny voice. But here, your voice doesn't matter.
That's right. You can't talk with a funny voice in a humor magazine.
Well, in that case, I'm quitting.
I'm going to put on this here mask, get myself an Indian partner, get a whole mess of silver bullets, and go out on my own. Someday, I'll be famous.
He'll never get famous that way.
HI YO, SILVER! AWAY!!
LONE RANGE 5 MILES

!TEENMAN! IN TEXAS

by Bob Elliott

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I'm on my way to L.B.J.
To see that teens receive fair-play.
We kids all want our just desserts.
Hope Lyndon gives until it hurts!

Script by
Fred Wolfe

A MUSICAL COMEDY

Still smarting from the wounds he received at the hands of Congress, TEENMAN heeds the words of that friendly Virginian from Massachusetts (the junior Senator from New York) and sets out for Lyndon-land, to ask the President to grant teen agers everywhere the only thing their parents can't buy for them—the right to vote!

Inexperienced as he is in politics, will TEENMAN be able to successfully use his super powers of persuasion on the master politician of them all? Will his MAGIC FLASH DOUBLE POW GITTAR and SUPER SURFBOARD prevail against the greatest congressional in-fighter of our times? Will TEENMAN bring home the bacon? Or, will Lyndon give him the bird!

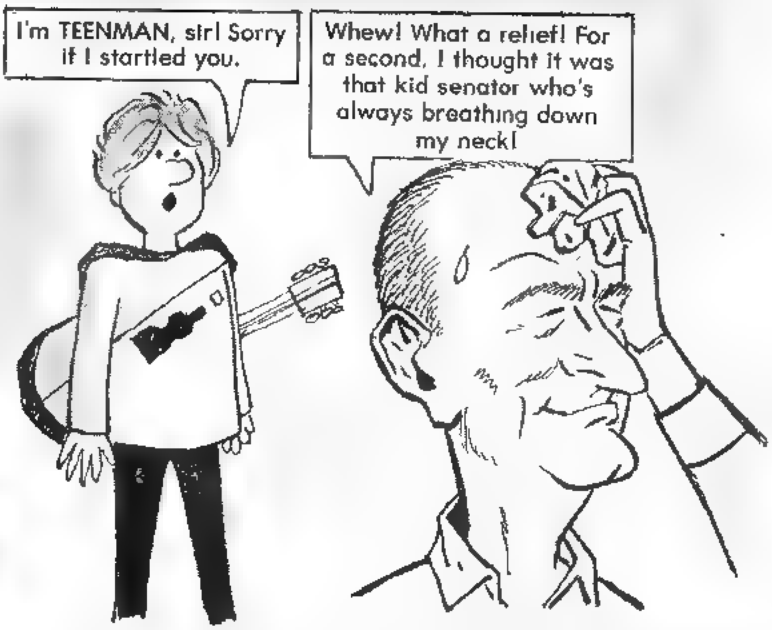
Let's follow the Western adventures of TEENMAN, podner, as young dogie meets Old Fogey!

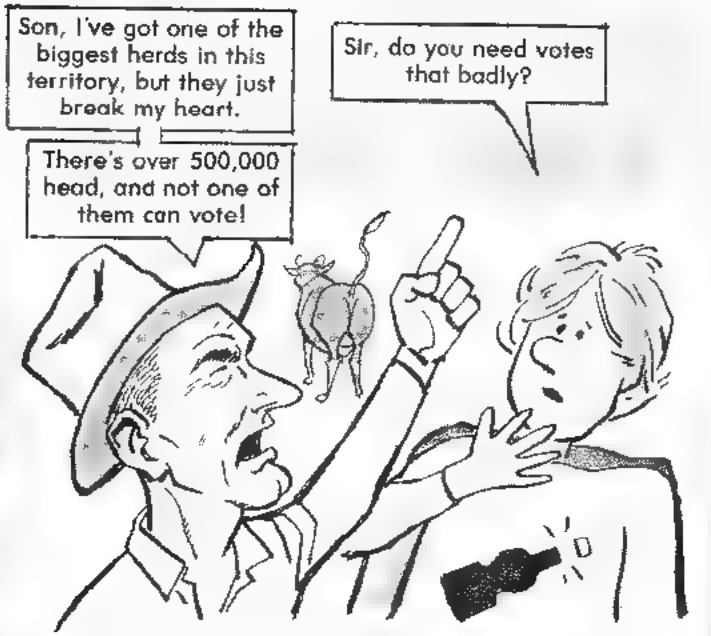
Teenagers all over interrupt their frugging and jerking to tune in on their hero, who reports to them through a transmitter concealed in the cap of his upper bicuspid...

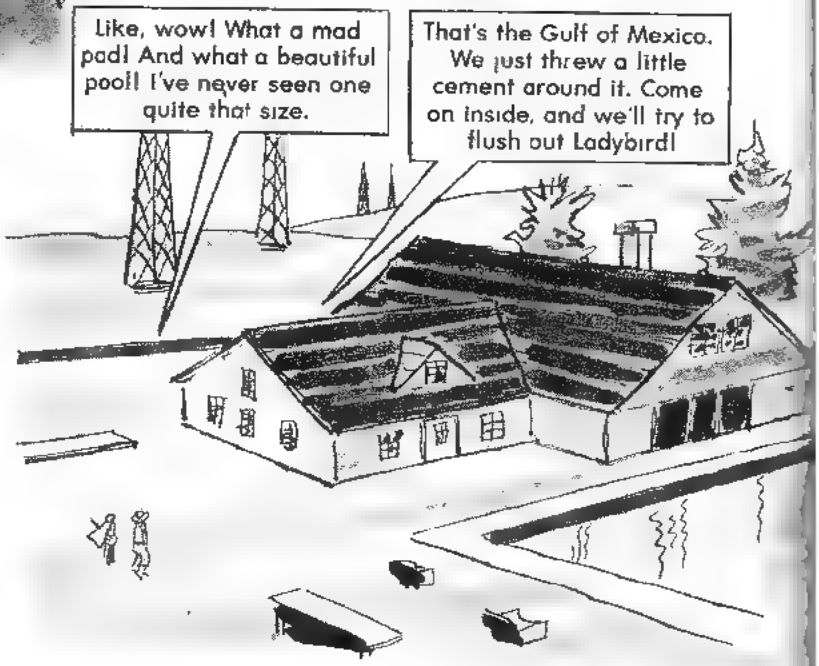
TEENAGERS EVERYWHERE! Turn me on. I am about to zero in. Do you read me?

GO, TEENMAN, BABY!

TEENMAN zaps down on the palatial Johnson estate, and lands, unseen, directly behind the President, who is pre-occupied with one of his more important chores.

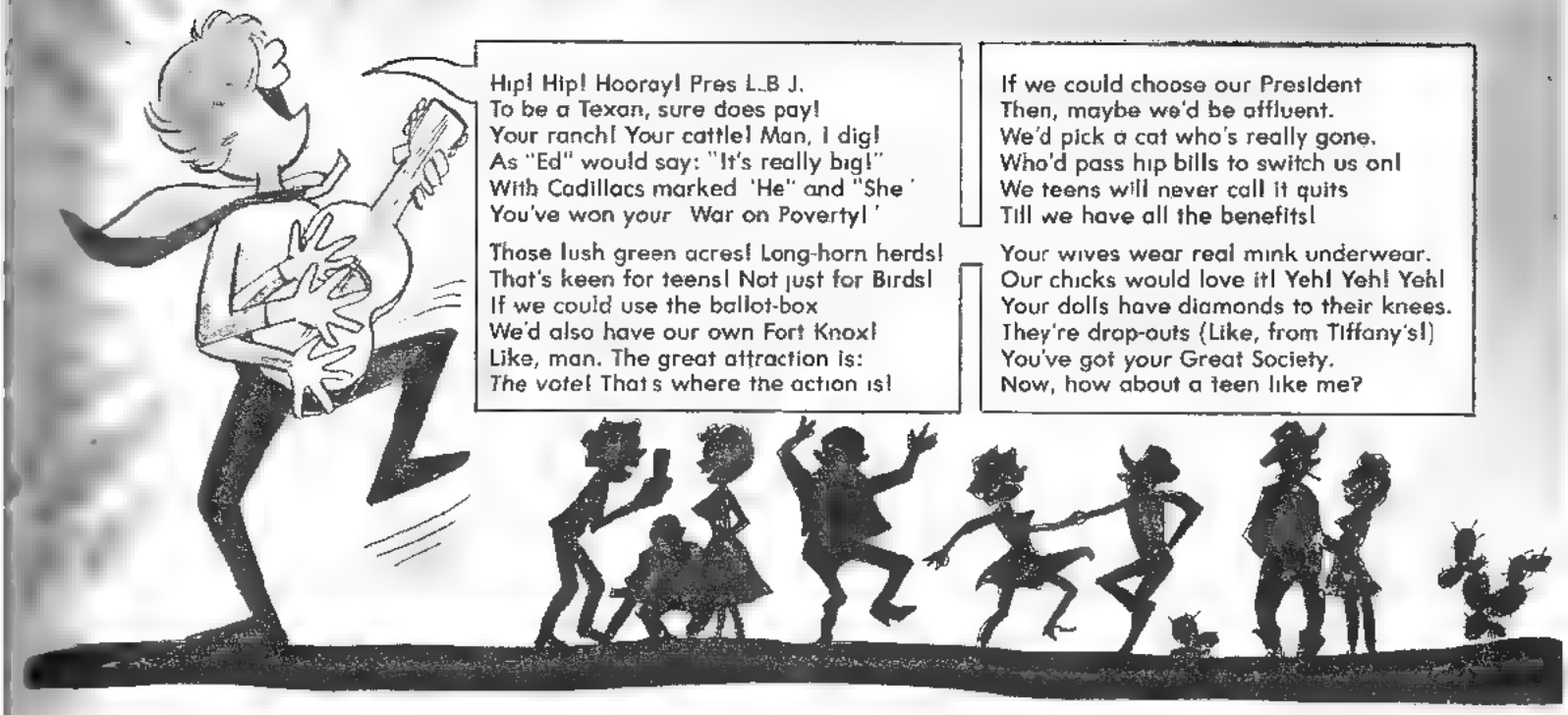






Oh, there you are, honey lamb. Working on your favorite charity, I see.
Yes, we mustn t forget those "less fortunate" than us.
CARE
CARE
CARE
CARE
Who are those two CARE packages going to, hon?
Jean Paul Getty and Nelson Rockefeller!
Don t forget that Greek boy Aristotle Onassis, you hear? By the way, lover, I'd like to introduce you to...
Sorry, Lyndon. I've got to run, now. I must continue the fight against those unsightly billboards that are ruining our beautiful countryside. Invite the boy to the barbeque, dear!
Ladybird, I don't mind you tearing down some billboards, but don't overdo it now, you hear?
Sir. About those new voters I was discussing...
Don't worry, podner. We'll chew the fat about that at our outdoor barbeque tonight.
Will TEENMAN be able to get the busy President's ear at a crowded cook-out? Will L.B.J. ever consent to lowering the voting-age? The hopes of adolescent America are riding with TEENMAN tonight!
We two maintain a very warm friendship.
This is even a warmer reception than I got in Africa!
Mmm! Something smells good. What's cooking, sir?
Not "what," son—Who!

Oh, I notice that Mr. Hamilton is at the barbeque, too. Gee, sir. I was never so close to a real actor, before.
Well, don't get too close. Those actor folks get mighty hungry!
Sir, I also notice that Everett Dirksen is standing over there. Mr. President, how come you invite a Republican to your party?
Oh, I always do. As you know, I'm mighty *Democratic*!
That's a joke, son. A real knee-slapper, ain't it?
Well, now. Being democratic, and strictly in the spirit of bipartisanship, I feel that it's only fittin' that we Democrats and Republicans share everything. Like my trips, my plane, my food, and the *blame* if anything goes wrong!
Sir, if it's all right with you, I'd like to take this time to say a few words about the subject that's dearest to *my* heart.
Go right ahead, son. Everybody seems to want something from me. What can I do for you?
Not for me, sir. For the down-trodden underprivileged teen agers of America!
Underprivileged? In what way?
Well, sir. I'm not much on the spoken word. So, if you don't mind, I'd like to make it a musical message.
Well, if a certain senator can jump into a pool to liven up his parties, I can go musical at mine.
Gather 'round, everybody! We're gonna have a musical treat!
You're a real sport, sir! And in your honor, I'd like to say·

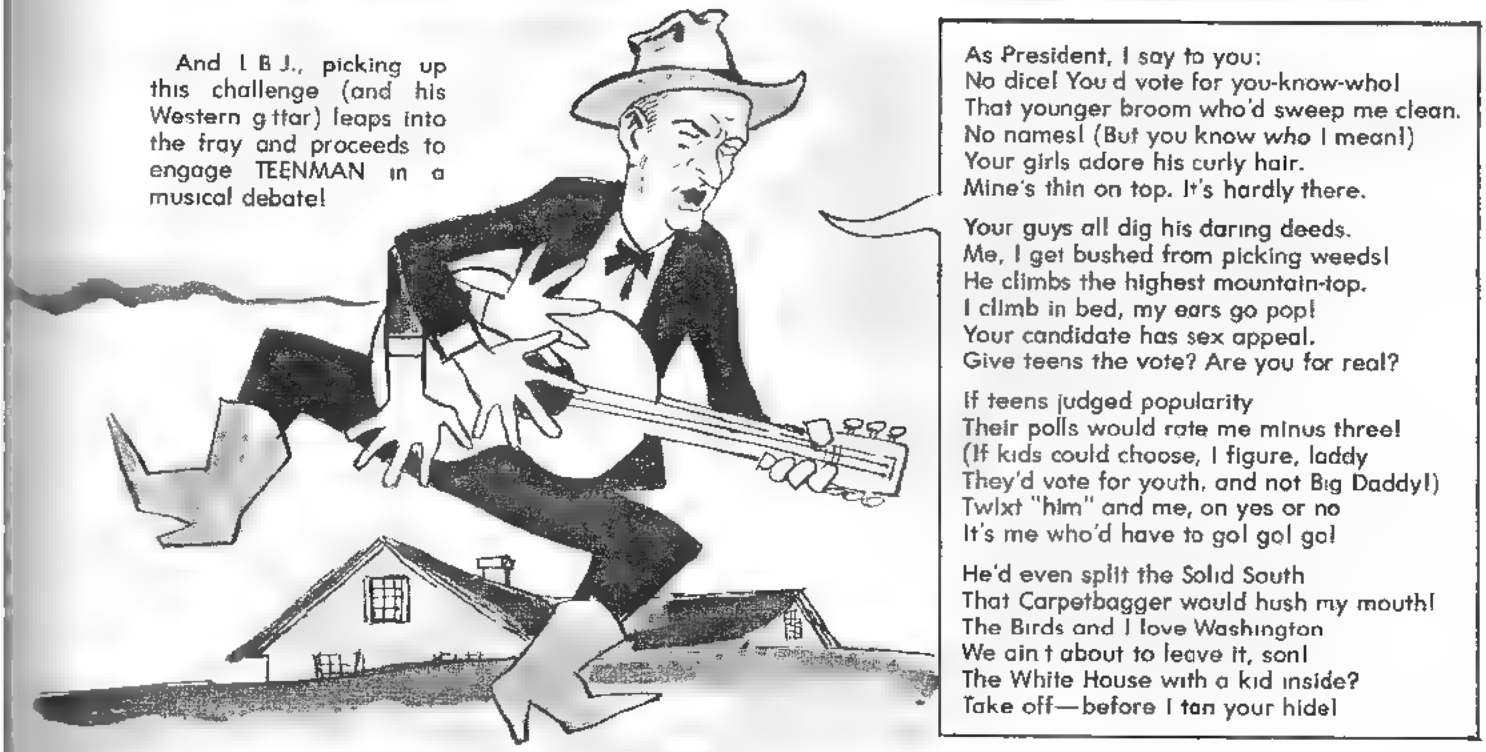


Hip! Hip! Hooray! Pres L.B J.
To be a Texan, sure does pay!
Your ranch! Your cattle! Man, I dig!
As "Ed" would say: "It's really big!"
With Cadillacs marked 'He" and "She'
You've won your War on Poverty!'

Those lush green acres! Long-horn herds!
That's keen for teens! Not just for Birds!
If we could use the ballot-box
We'd also have our own Fort Knox!
Like, man. The great attraction is:
The vote! That s where the action is!

If we could choose our President
Then, maybe we'd be affluent.
We'd pick a cat who's really gone.
Who'd pass hip bills to switch us on!
We teens will never call it quits
Till we have all the benefits!

Your wives wear real mink underwear.
Our chicks would love it! Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!
Your dolls have diamonds to their knees.
They're drop-outs (Like, from Tiffany's!)
You've got your Great Society.
Now, how about a teen like me?



And L B J., picking up this challenge (and his Western g ttar) leaps into the fray and proceeds to engage TEENMAN in a musical debate!

As President, I say to you:
No dice! You d vote for you-know-who!
That younger broom who'd sweep me clean.
No names! (But you know who I mean!)
Your girls adore his curly hair.
Mine's thin on top. It's hardly there.

Your guys all dig his daring deeds.
Me, I get bushed from picking weeds!
He climbs the highest mountain-top.
I climb in bed, my ears go pop!
Your candidate has sex appeal.
Give teens the vote? Are you for real?

If teens judged popularity
Their polls would rate me minus three!
(If kids could choose, I figure, laddy
They'd vote for youth, and not Big Daddy!)
Twixt "him" and me, on yes or no
It's me who'd have to go! go! go!

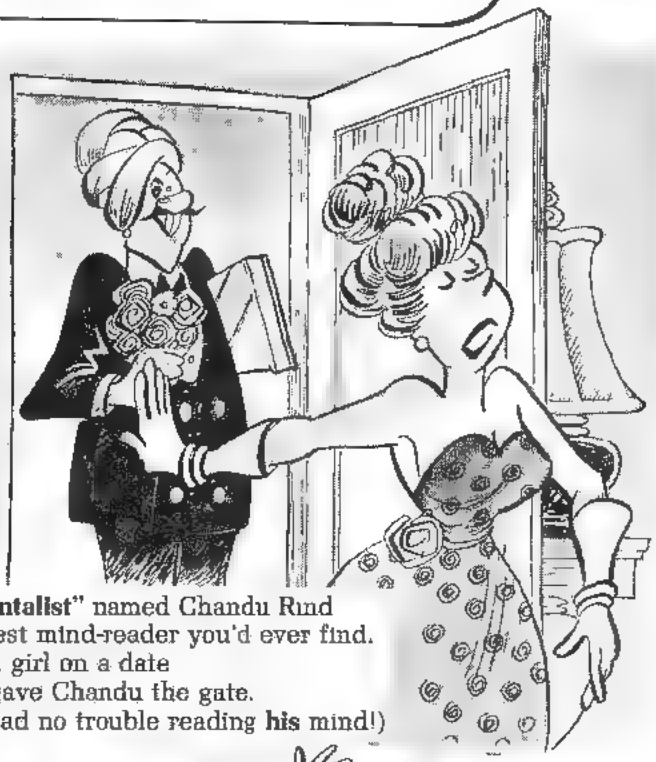
He'd even split the Solid South
That Carpetbagger would hush my mouth!
The Birds and I love Washington
We ain t about to leave it, son!
The White House with a kid inside?
Take off—before I tan your hide!

Who is there left to listen to TEENMAN's plea for young America? Will he take his case to the Supreme Court? Or, will he take it even higher than that—to Frank Sinatra (who is also concerned with teens). Will TEENMAN continue to fight city hall, or admit defeat and return to the Teen Planet of NOILLEBER? (But, why should you worry? That's what the writer gets paid for!)

CAPSULE CAREERS

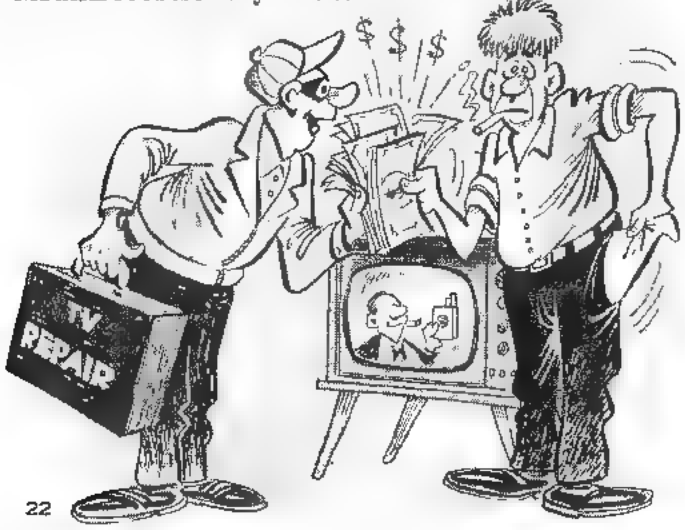
These limericks reflect the times in which we live—and if you think they are difficult times, wait until you read the limericks...

An **agent**, by name 008
Stole a valuable "secret" of state.
Not a "code" that he took.
But the king's address-book
(With some "numbers" that really were great!)



A **"mentalist"** named Chandu Rind
The best mind-reader you'd ever find.
Took a girl on a date
Who gave Chandu the gate.
(She had no trouble reading **his** mind!)

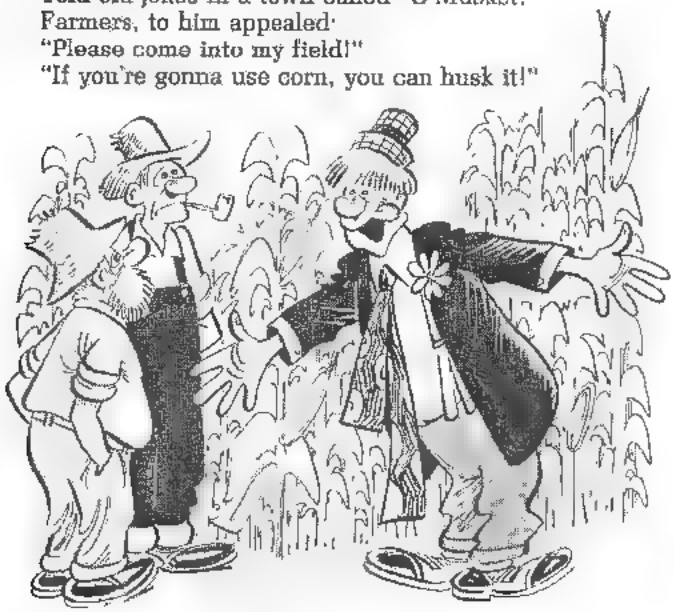
Jesse James (and the rest of that set)
Only dishonest dollars they'd get.
Trains and banks they don't blow now.
(Better gimmick for dough now).
Modern robbers fix your t.v. set!

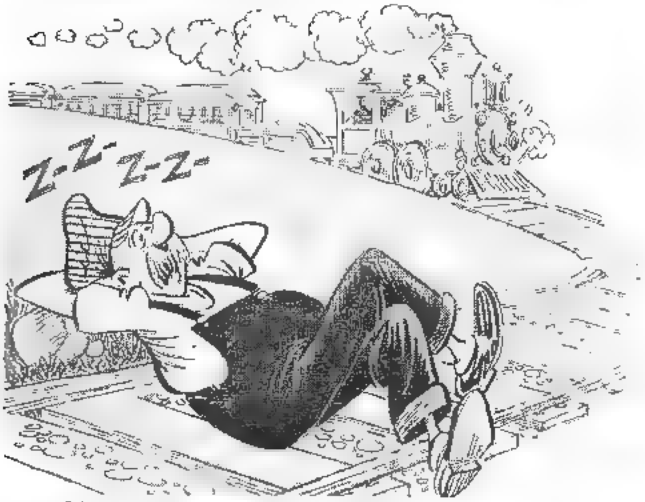


A **smuggler** named Sydney McRope
Sits in jail with no bail and no hope.
Loved the town moron's daughter.
Took this chick 'cross the border.
(And they grabbed him for smuggling dope!)

A young **violinist** named Thaw
Made a really tough audience roar
At the sight of his fiddle
Being sliced down the middle
(When some clown switched his bow for a saw!)

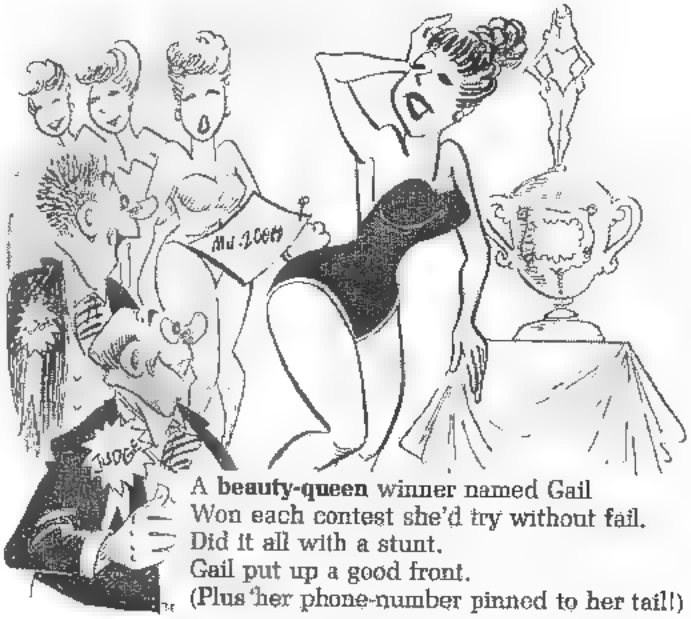
A **comic** named "Brownie" O'Truscett
Told old jokes in a town called "O'Musket."
Farmers, to him appealed·
"Please come into my field!"
"If you're gonna use corn, you can husk it!"





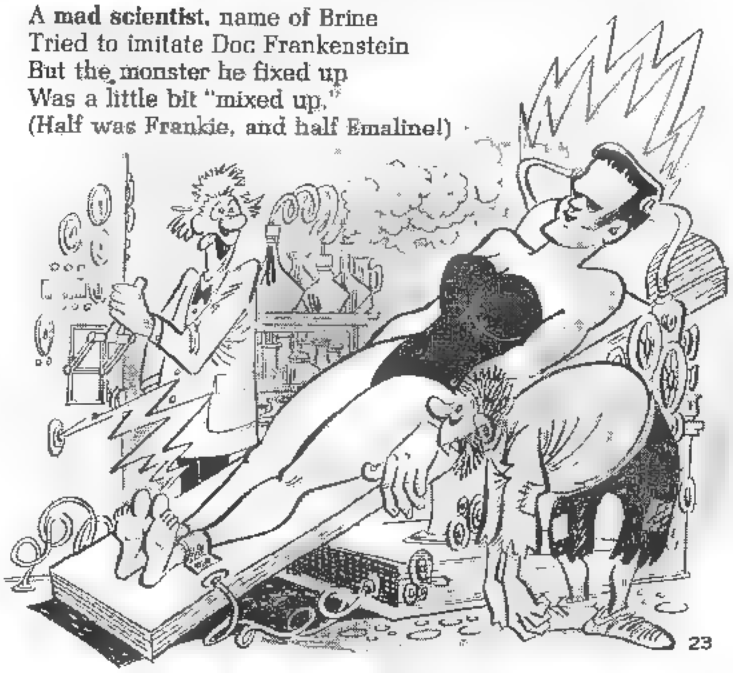
An old **railway-worker** named Max
Caught a snooze on some seldom-used tracks.
It's the saddest of tales.
An express used those rails.
(They're still scraping poor Max off the tracks!)

A **cow-puncher** named "Tex" O'Rise
On his first job was not very wise.
Fact old Tex was a dope.
Didn't know "punch" meant rope
(The whole herd ended up with black eyes!)



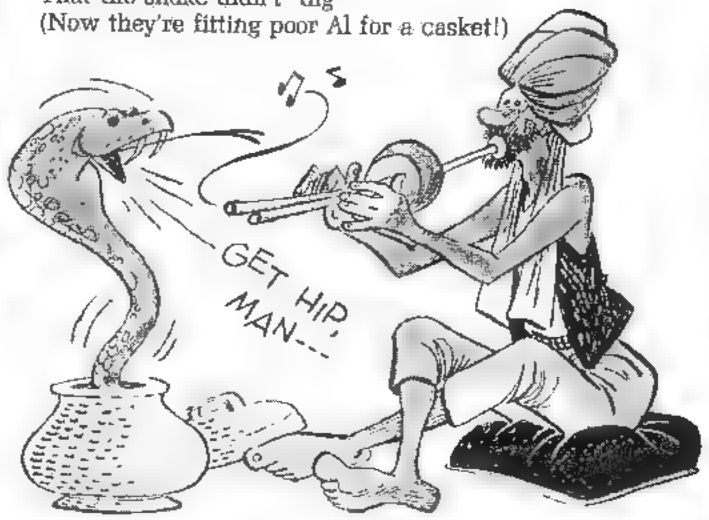
A **beauty-queen** winner named Gail
Won each contest she'd try without fail.
Did it all with a stunt.
Gail put up a good front.
(Plus her phone-number pinned to her tail!)

A **mad scientist**, name of Brine
Tried to imitate Doc Frankenstein
But the monster he fixed up
Was a little bit "mixed up."
(Half was Frankie, and half Emaline!)



A girl **opera-singer** named Groat
Couldn't sing (Had a "frog in her throat").
Someone holding a spear
Nicked her right in the rear,
Her voice cleared!
(How they cheered that high note!)

A **snake-charmer** named Ali Rasket
Kept a cobra inside of a basket.
One day he played a jig
That the snake didn't "dig"
(Now they're fitting poor Al for a casket!)

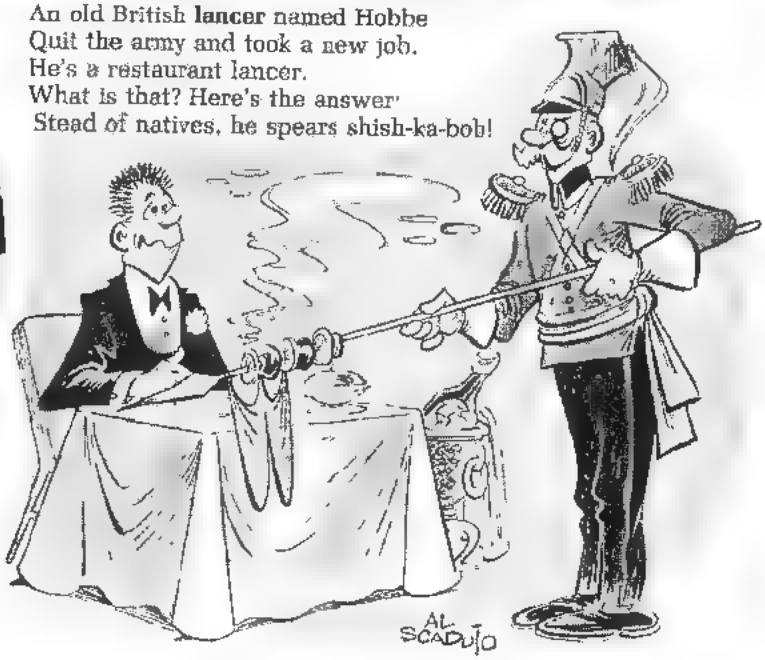


A poor, starving **artist** named Drake
Won a prize, but then got a bad break.
For, he painted a meal,
But the meal looked so real
That his dog licked it off by mistake!

A **witch-doctor** named Gumbo Idgett
Turned a warrior into a midget.
Yes, he made him a shrimp
Just because the poor simp
Was caught kissing the doc's girl-friend, Bridget!

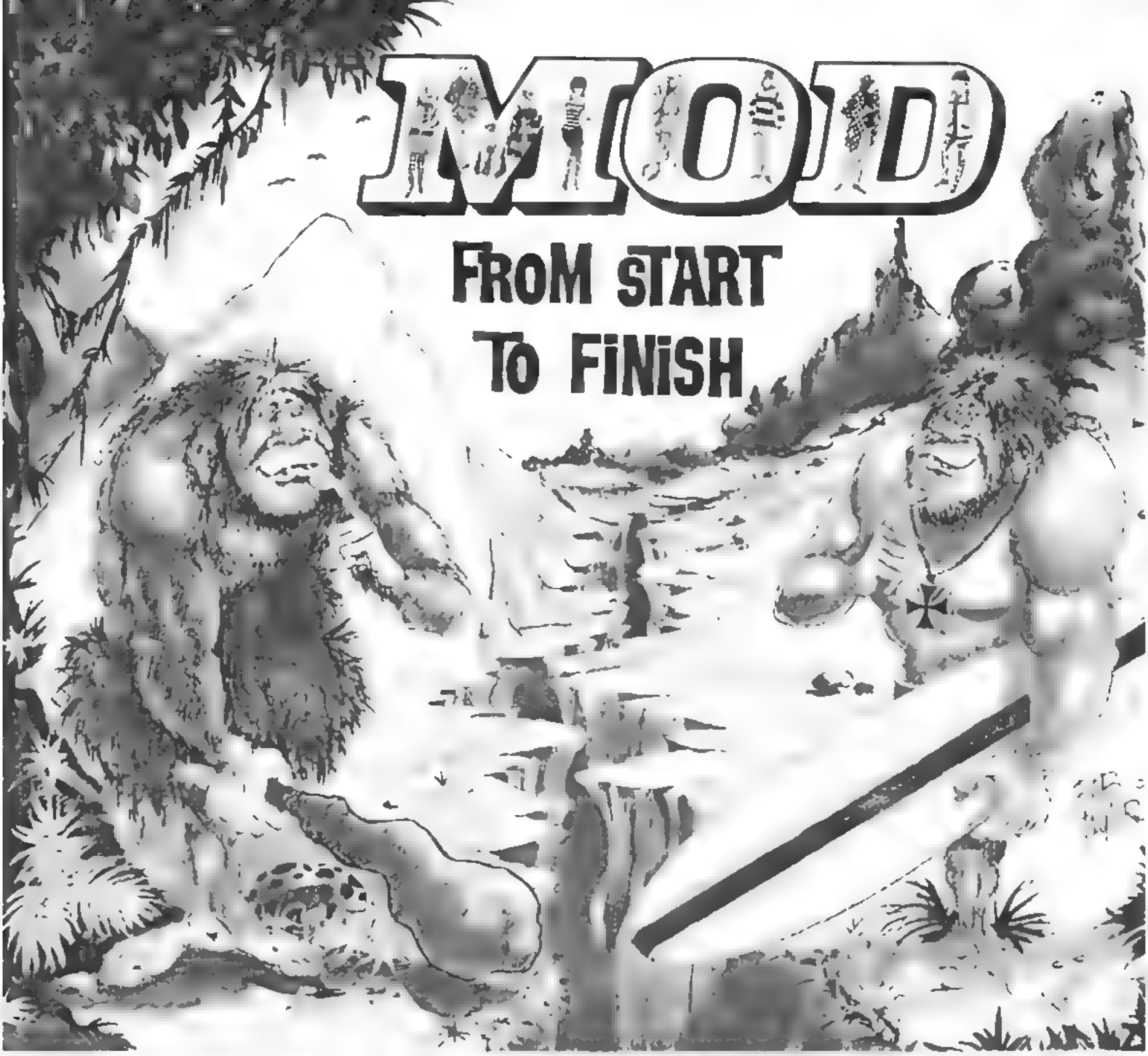
A **juggler**, by name of Sam Benton
Chucked his trade (Different business he went in).
In some firm, got his hooks
Where he "juggled the books."
(Now Sam Benton is up in San Quentin).

An old British **lancer** named Hobbe
Quit the army and took a new job.
He's a restaurant lancer.
What is that? Here's the answer:
Stead of natives, he spears shish-ka-bob!



MOD

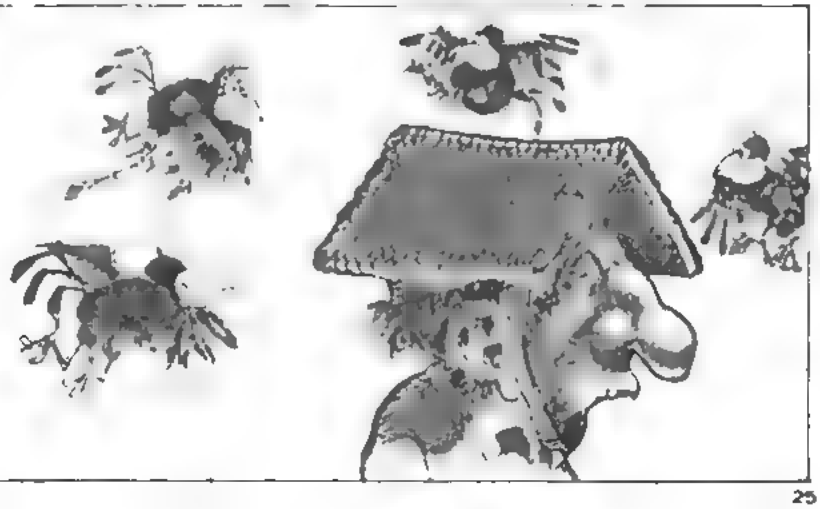
FROM START TO FINISH



WHAT TO WEAR TO WHERE

THE PARK-WALKER HAT

This little dandy was designed for the nature lover. It is very effective in protecting the head from falling objects.



THE RISE AND FALL OF MOD...

A COMPLEAT HISTORY OF FASHION

"If I can sew, you can sew", states artist Angelo Torres, who has designed these fashions for the girl who doesn't wish to be conspicuous at athletic contests...

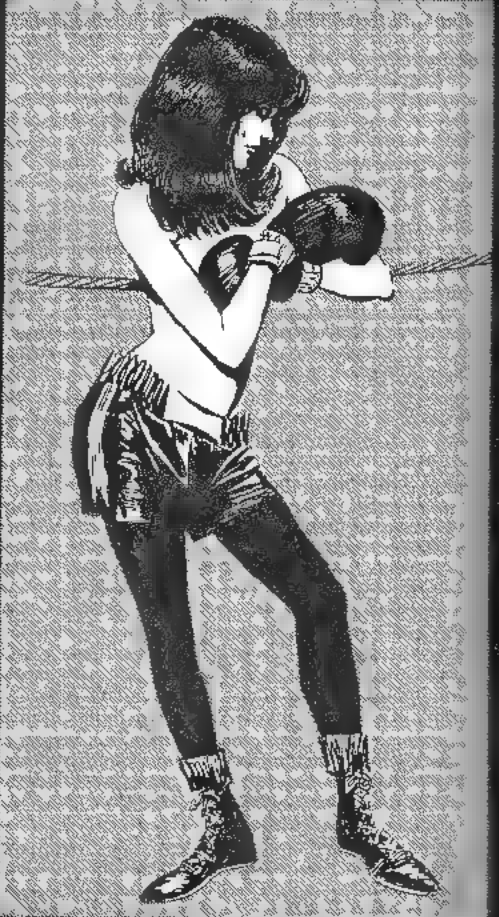
SPORTS-INSPIRED MOD FASHIONS

BASKETBALL

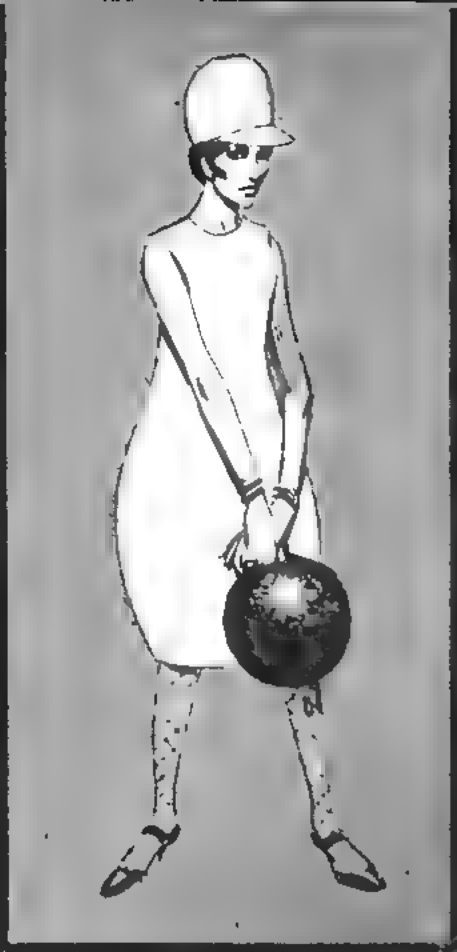
HOCKEY

FOOTBALL

BOXING



CHESS



BOWLING

BASEBALL

HORSE RACING

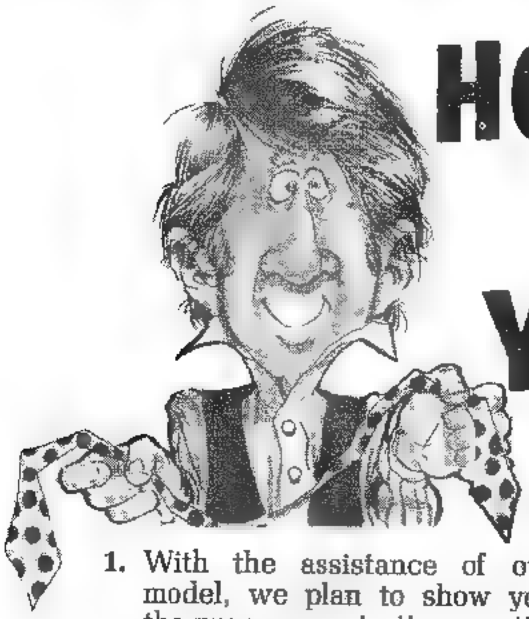
CARDS

SWIMMING

The Mod revolution has created some serious problems for the style-conscious young swinger. Take tie tieing, for example. Ties had either been abandoned by the young set or become so thin that knots and loops had been improvised if not pre-set by the manufacturer.

Now, the man-sized Mod is here and the young fashionable can no longer fake the knot. It is with justifiable pride, therefore, that we present this much needed simple instruction feature.

HOW TO TIE YOUR TIE



1. With the assistance of our model, we plan to show you the proper way to tie your tie.

2. Your first move is to place the tie around your neck holding the ends in front of you thusly.

3. Now still holding the one end in your left hand, loop the right end around under the left end, then hold both ends.

4. After this simple maneuver, stick the long end through the looped shorter end —or is it stick the shorter end through the looped long end—.

5. Wait—wait a minute! Is it loop the looped end through the short long end?—

6. The End.

Pierre Surggle's BARGAIN FASHIONS

The smart man who wants to save on shirts will be wearing this handsome outfit. The trousers come in sizes 44-62 inseam, and in all the popular nauseating colors. The king-sized hat will be made completely of untreated skunk fur. The wearer will save substantially on deodorants, cologne, after-shave lotion, etc. — he will find such products unnecessary and useless.

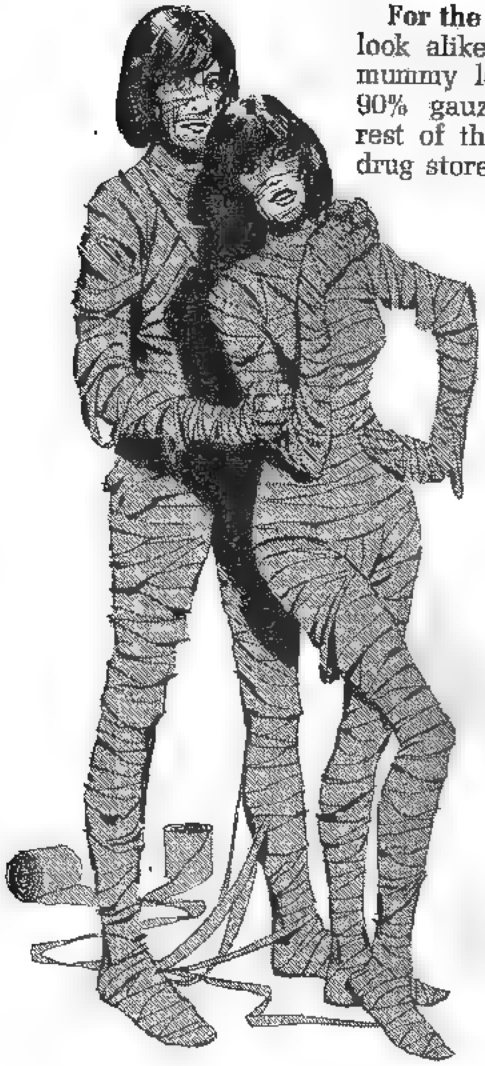
MODS for the MODest budget

With so much attention being focused on designing clothes for designing women who are trying to catch their man, no one seems to be paying any notice to the gals who aren't interested in finding themselves a husband. With these long overlooked ladies in mind, this exciting design is offered.

Art by Angelo Torres

Script by Calvin Castine

For the going-steady couple who wish to look alike, here is the revolutionary new mummy look. This inexpensive design is 90% gauze and comes complete with the rest of the first-aid kit. It will be sold in drug stores.



"The Union" is the name of this handsome garment. Although it may remind you of something you've seen before, Pierre is the first designer ever to consider this suitable as an outer garment. To make it so, Pierre added these thrilling highlights: 15-button front; button-down collar; untapered legs; pockets; choice in colors of green, blue, orange, white, pink, and the ever-popular red; PLUS a zip-open back "door".

Pierre's most original fashion creation is what he calls **"The Fuzz."** It is sure to be one of the most sought-after items in the high fashion world. The originality of its basic concept is almost unbelievable. This revolutionary new creation will be, without a doubt, the outstanding hit of the season.

If you don't mind spending a large amount of money in an attempt to look your finest, then you're going to love **"The Freeloader."** It's the type of outfit that makes you feel at ease no matter where you are. It's the kind of attire that can be worn with confidence at any type social event.

Pierre, who is known as a master of simplicity, shows just how simple he can be with this creation **"The Drab."** Using the abstract style of the great Pablo Picasso as a guide, Pierre was able to create the above mess. "The Drab" has prompted many people to say that Pierre deserves special recognition for his fashions — they all agree that anyone who can design junk like that should be locked up.

"The Rail Splitter" is another Gurggle original. Pierre believes that this suit is actually suited for the President, himself. Whenever Pierre introduces this outfit on his Western tour, he throws in that old joke ..."What was the President's name twenty years ago? Johnson! — he hasn't changed it!"

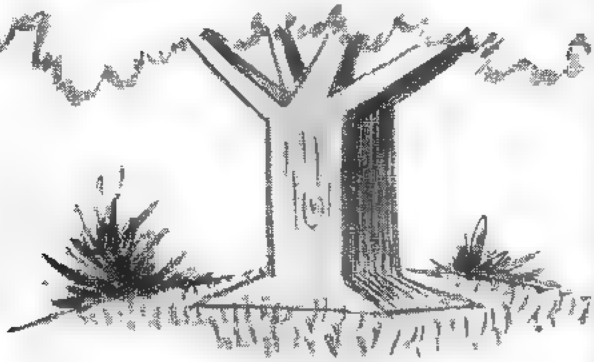
It's not much of a joke, but what can you expect from such a lousy fashion designer?!

Because he wanted to get an opinion survey of his next creation, Pierre gave a sneak preview to the fashion fans of Elmtree, Neb. And due to the overwhelming apathy they demonstrated, he decided to cut its price in half. Pierre bills his **"Et tu, Booby"** as something that can be worn with equal aplomb no matter where you are. It's the type of thing that doesn't fit in anywhere.

With today's teen age lad in mind, Pierre has created **"The Scotch"** ...a handsome, plaid-colored skirt that will enable the boys to go all the way. They will no longer look like girls only at the top, now they can look like females at the bottom, too. This idea is especially practical when you realize that the girls lately have started wearing slacks more often than dresses.

SQUARE TREES

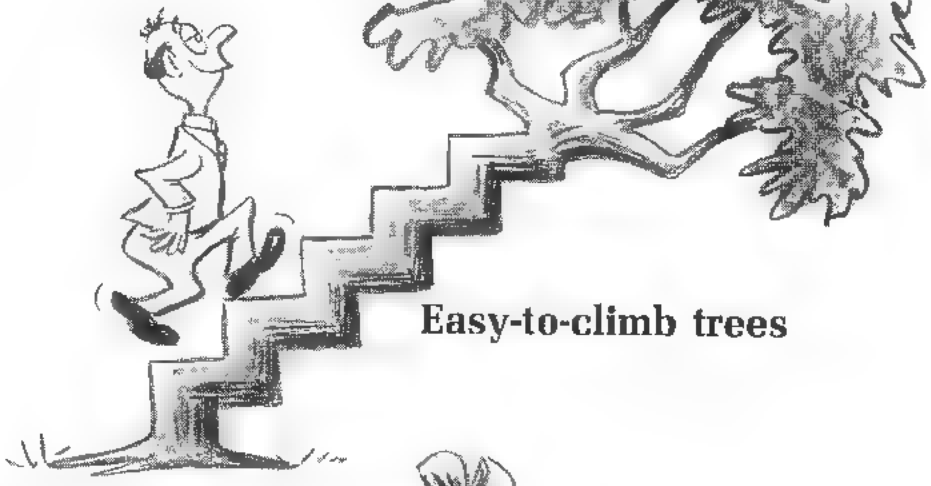
By B. Wiseman



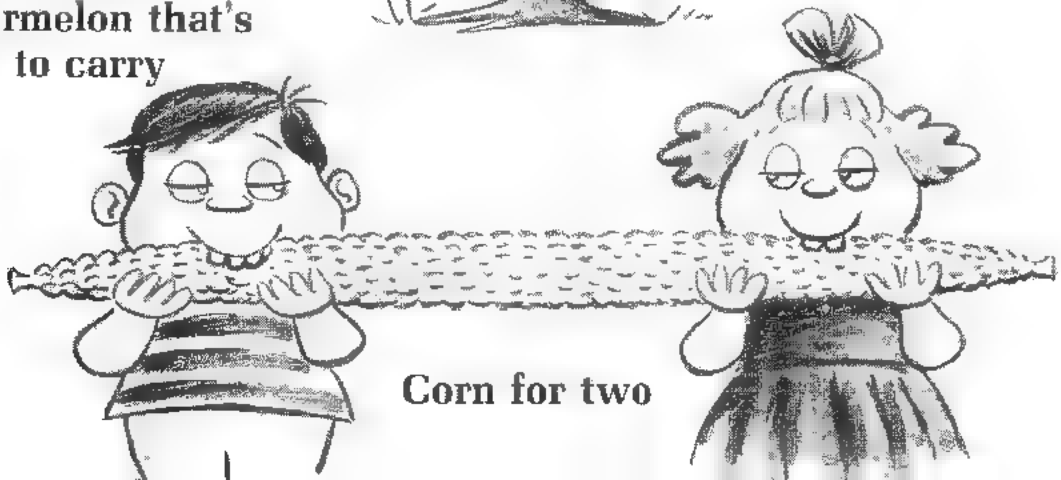
A well known plant geneticist has recently announced that successful experiments are in progress which will transform round tree trunks to rectangular and square shapes. This will benefit the lumber industry immensely, since there will be no waste around the edges. We foresee enormous advantages **throughout** the plant world once these crossbreeding techniques are in general use. .For example...

Projectile-shaped tomatoes

Watermelon that's easy to carry



Easy-to-climb trees

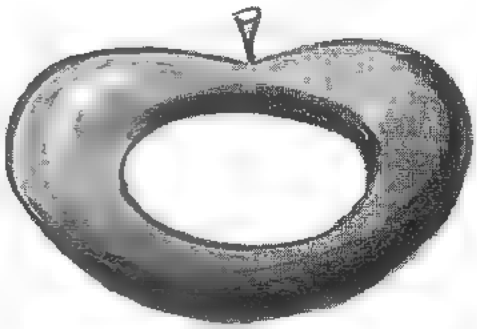


Corn for two

Right-angle bananas for better biting

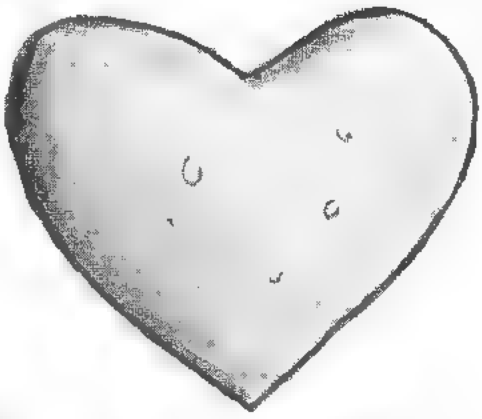
Four-leaf-clovers you can find

Squeezable oranges



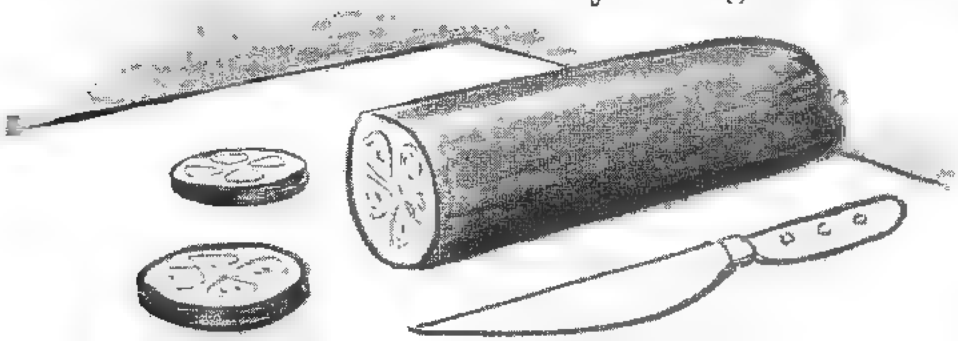
Apples that have no room for a worm in the center

A foot and hand of lettuce, as well as a head



Properly shaped sweet potatoes

Easy slicing tomatoes



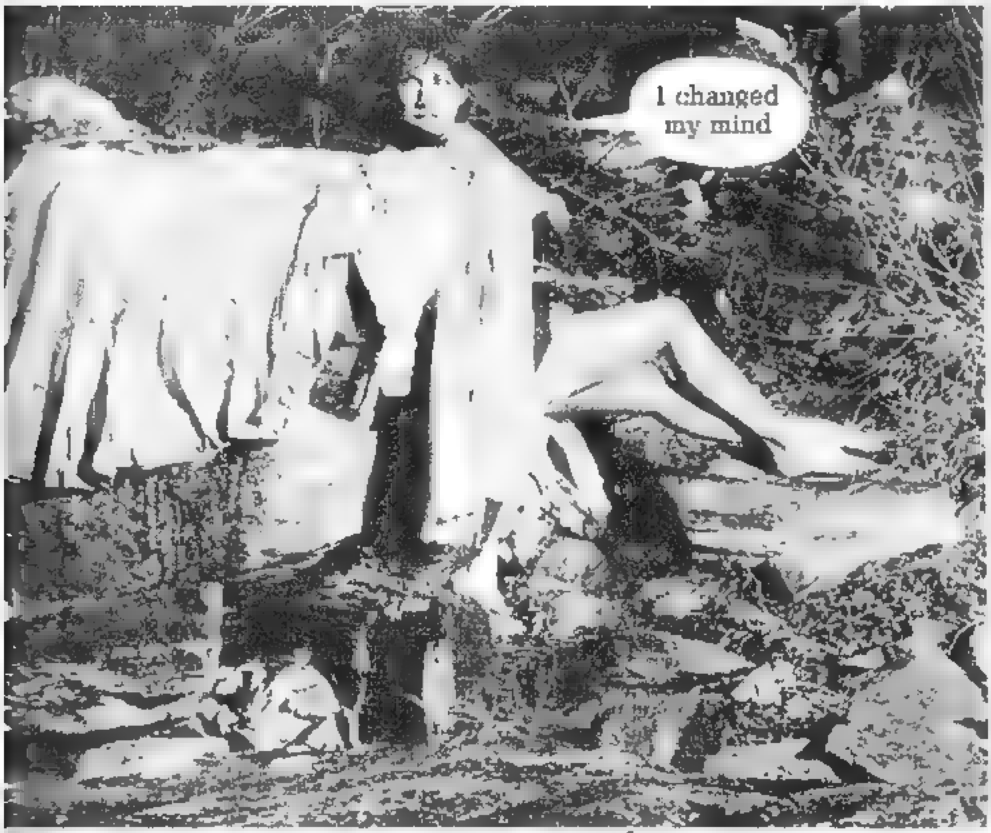
Now, for the last time! What is the formula for Manischewitz wine?
That damn Internal Revenue is everywhere!

LOOK WHO'S

Not geese, you idiot! We wanted two chicks!
There! There! McTavish. There ar other places besides Radio City!

TALKING

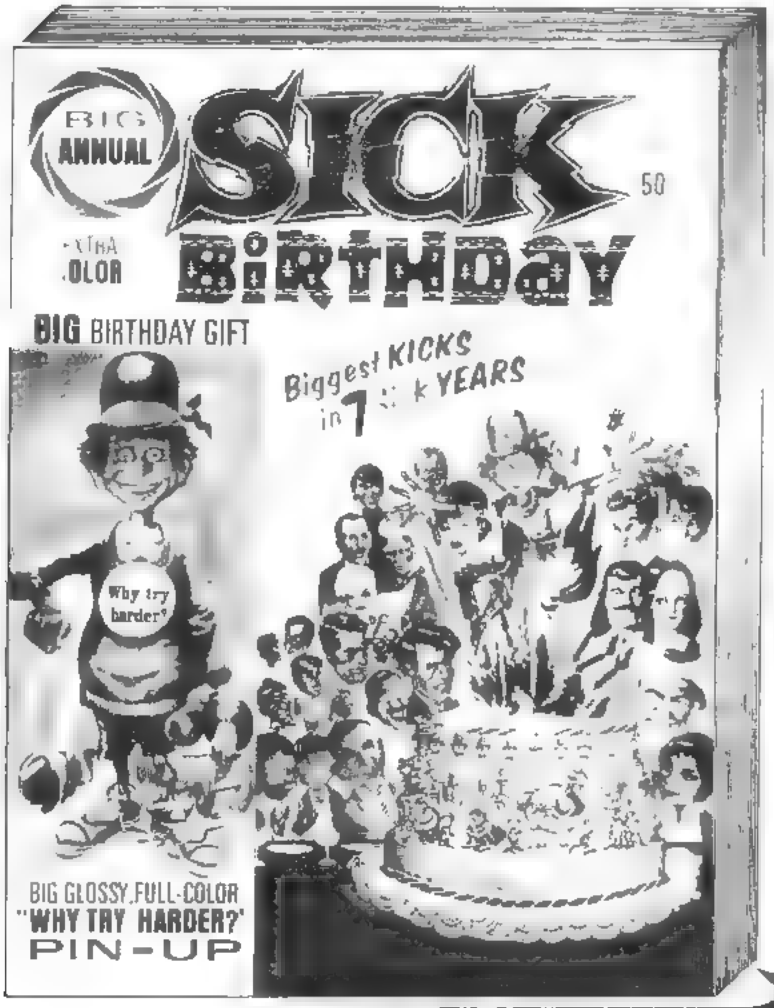
by Fred Wolfe



BIG SICK ANNUAL!

SEVEN YEARS IN THE MAKING!

(THEY WERE WATCHING US EVERY MINUTE)



3 PAGE GLOSSY FOLD-OUT IN FULL, RICH COLOR A POP-ART MASTERPIECE

featuring
THE BIGGEST KICKS
IN 7 YEARS OF SICK

HERE ARE THE SATIRE CLASSICS OF THE DECADE! SKITS THAT WERE REPEATED ON BROADWAY REVUES! THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS! THE JACK PAAR SHOW! AND BY MANY OF THE TOP COMEDIANS AND MONOLOGISTS! ALL IN ONE FABULOUS! BIRTHDAY! SPECIAL!

NOW ON SALE!

PLUS!

This Pop Art Masterpiece!
A GLOSSY! FULL-COLOR!
3-PAGE FOLDOUT
OF THE "WHY TRY HARDER" KID! AMERICA'S UNDERDOG MASCOT
HUCKLEBERRY FINK.
Hang it in your den! clubhouse! bedroom! or classroom! This clod is so pitiful just looking at him is guaranteed to make you feel superior! Will brighten your world! build you up! bring happiness and confidence! Also a good luck piece!

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Half a buck

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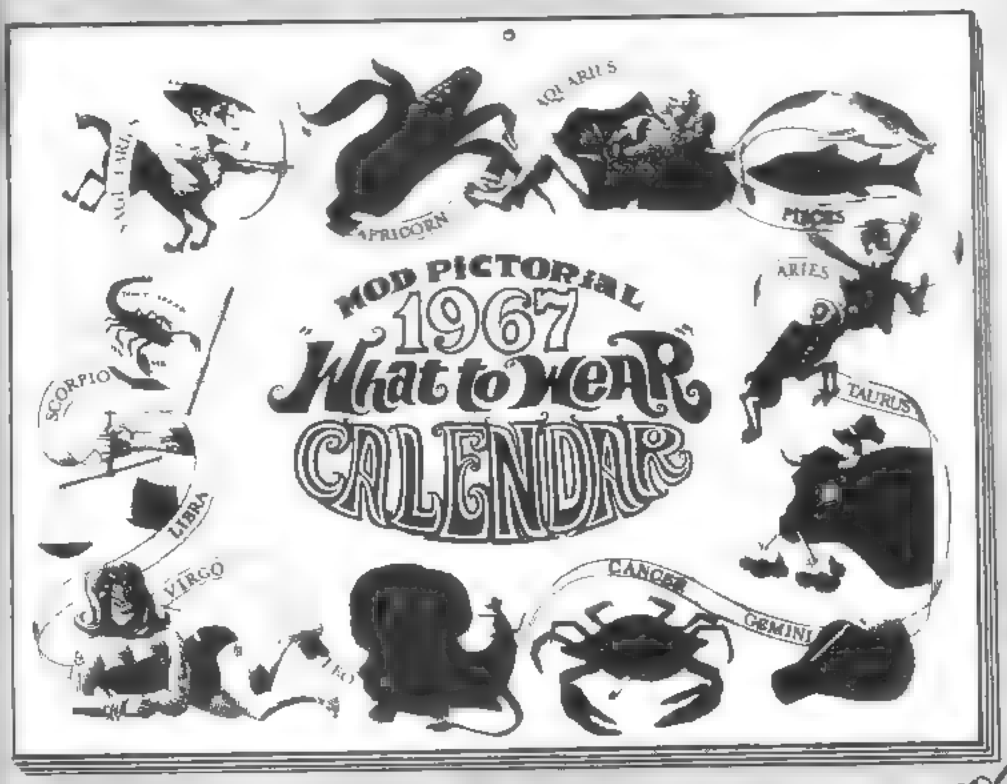

(or start your year with December and go backwards)

Script by Bill Majeski

1967 DECEMBER 1967

Sun	*Mon*	*Tues*	*Wed*	*Thurs*	*Fri*	*Sat*
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

Since Christmas has become so commercialized and the price of living is so high, we feel, that after paying all your bills, you couldn't afford to buy any clothes this month. So we suggest this clever outfit. As you can see, it is made of easy-to-obtain items, such as, used Christmas ribbon, tree ornaments and I.O.U.'s. We are sure you will be a big hit at office or school.

1968

JANUARY

Sun	*Mon*	*Tues*	*Wed*	*Thur*	*Fri*	*Sat*
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
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FEBRUARY

Sun	*Mon*	*Tues*	*Wed*	*Thur*	*Fri*	*Sat*
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
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1967 NOVEMBER 1967

Sun	*Mon*	*Tues*	*Wed*	*Thurs*	*Fri*	*Sat*
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
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26	27	28	29	30		

November is the month of Thanksgiving, although no one yet has really explained just what it is that the turkey has to be thankful for. Even turkeys are fashion-conscious; they're always well-dressed — just before they're served. Some people eat too much at Thanksgiving, like this poor fellow, fashionably attired in a horn-of-plenty suit. No matter what kind of food he has, it always seems to go right to his waist.

1967 OCTOBER 1967

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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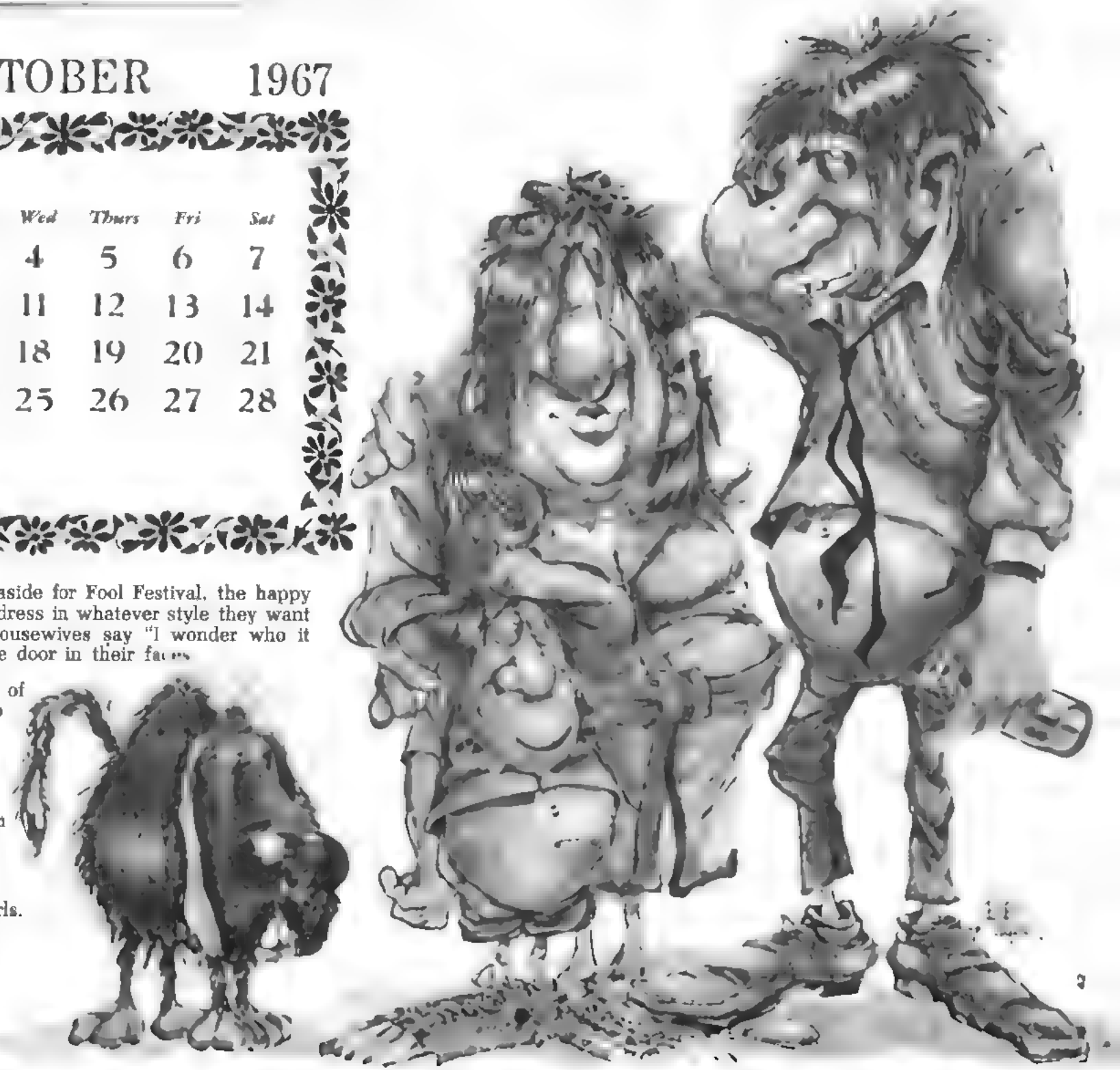
29	30	31				

October is the month set aside for Fool Festival, the happy time when nuts everywhere dress in whatever style they want to in an attempt to make housewives say "I wonder who it can be," before slamming the door in their faces.

Pictured here are members of the Cretin family, dressed to visit their relatives. Later they will change into something silly. Lem Cretin married his wife eight years ago. Mrs. Cretin married Lem seven years ago. The child seen here, Muscles Cretin, is the oldest of two boys. And the youngest of two girls.



1967 SEPTEMBER 1967

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
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School starts. Throughout the nation the doors swing open, whacking hundreds of kids in the mouth, as the halls of academic pursuit become alive. Echoing to spirited shouts of "Schooldays," "Hi, Teach" and "Lookat the legs on that!" corridors will become a runway for the latest in school styles.

Here the young lad on the left is wearing his button-down facial expression, slim-line jacket and slim-line pants which become gauze bandages in case the other guy runs over him with his motorcycle. On the right is Blue Max Gesundheit, cigar-smoking tough, who stays after school everyday to clean the blackboards—using the teacher to clean them. Bullet proof hat and pre-soiled jacket are part of the outfit.

1967 AUGUST 1967

Sun	*Mon*	*Tues*	*Wed*	*Thurs*	*Fri*	*Sat*
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Top male model, August Furnley, is the forerunner in the surf set fashion parade. Posing for this shot in his private birdbath, August's outfit includes a wet suit (formerly a dry suit), contrasting life jacket, matching air tanks and a water-tight flare gun. August himself is bourbon tight. The flippers are made of genuine sharkskin. In event of accident or ship-wreck, the flippers can be fried over a low flame. Garnish with hot sauce. Serves six.

1967 JULY 1967

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
						1
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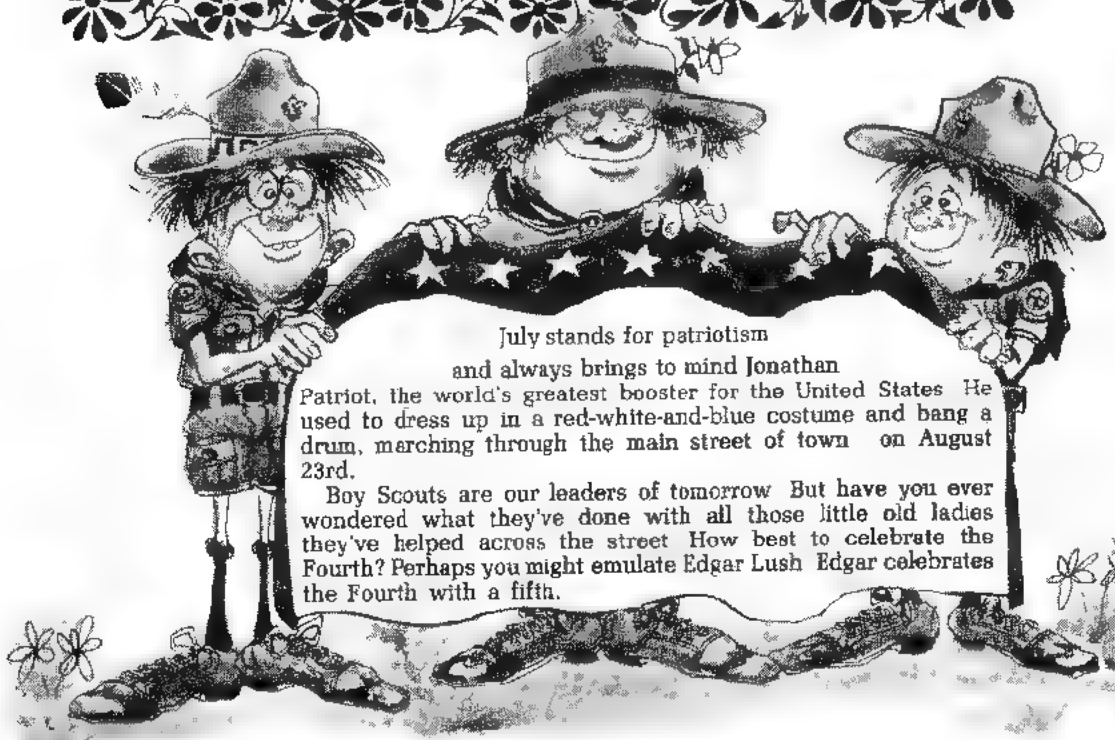

July stands for patriotism

and always brings to mind Jonathan

Patriot, the world's greatest booster for the United States He used to dress up in a red-white-and-blue costume and bang a drum, marching through the main street of town on August 23rd.

Boy Scouts are our leaders of tomorrow But have you ever wondered what they've done with all those little old ladies they've helped across the street How best to celebrate the Fourth? Perhaps you might emulate Edgar Lush Edgar celebrates the Fourth with a fifth.

1967 JUNE 1967

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
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June is the traditional month of matrimony. Getting married is difficult but it's just a question of putting mind over matrimony.

Noted marriage counselors recommend that eager girls wear wedding dresses for street wear in case they get a sudden proposal on a street car or bicycle, or some place. This model comes equipped with a wedding license, $3 and a box of rice.

The man above is dressed in the approved outfit for June. That is, being dressed as a married man. Dazed expressions and glassy stares are optional.

1967 MAY 1967

Sun	*Mon*	*Tues*	*Wed*	*Thurs*	*Fri*	*Sat*
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21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

May is the month of flowers, so we present the smartest flower outfits featuring two of our top models Rose Bush and Lily Pad. (Lily's the one on the right.) For best effects, these suits should be kept in sunlight and watered daily. Other flower suit models come equipped with a huge selection of bumblebees for that natural look. If you don't get stung by the clothing store prices, the bees will do the job.

Warning: these suits must be worn only during summer months. When autumn comes and the leaves start to fall well, that's an offense punishable by a $50 fine or 10 days in the Bronx Botanical Gardens.

1967 APRIL 1967

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
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23 30	24	25	26	27	28	29

We take pride in presenting April Babbit, who was recently taken for Mamie Van Doren. She was taken along with some caramels and a pound of cole slaw. Mamie Van Doren rejected them all, saying she was too busy.

Miss Babbit, who works as an apprentice bunny in the Keokuk, Iowa, Bunny Club, is a fun-loving girl who likes to lie on her stomach and kick her feet. Sometimes she lies on her feet and kicks her stomach.

She's wearing the latest styles for the month of April—a form-fitting Bunny Suit. It's called a Bunny Suit because it will set you back plenty of lettuce.

1967 MARCH 1967

Sun	*Mon*	*Tues*	*Wed*	*Thurs*	*Fri*	*Sat*
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The Windy Month

A —Broom head hair style will be the fashion for this month. To prevent the messed-up look, girls should style their hair in this manner. We recommend that mod boys part their hair in the middle, and stuff the ends in their ears.

B — Goggles.

C — Ear phones. These should be worn to aid hearing in strong winds.

D — Mouth mask. This is worn to keep debris such as sand, papers, birds, etc., out of your mouth.

E — Amplifier. To aid voice.

F — Buddy belt. This is to be strapped around boyfriend to prevent him from blowing away.

G — Skirt hold-downies. This was invented by our staff to prevent girls' mini skirts from flying up due to sudden gusts of wind.

H — High heel track shoes. An aid to walking in high winds.

I — Doctor's verification of your sanity.

1967 FEBRUARY 1967

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
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February is the month of love. When young hearts across the land sing out in harmonious glee. It is a month for showing affection to that special person in your life. So we suggest, instead of giving the usual Valentine candy, boys and girls dress as lovebirds, and tip-toe, hand in hand, through this joyous month.

1966 USHERING IN 1967

1966 JANUARY 1966						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29

1967 JANUARY 1967

Sun	*Mon*	*Tues*	*Wed*	*Thurs*	*Fri*	*Sat*
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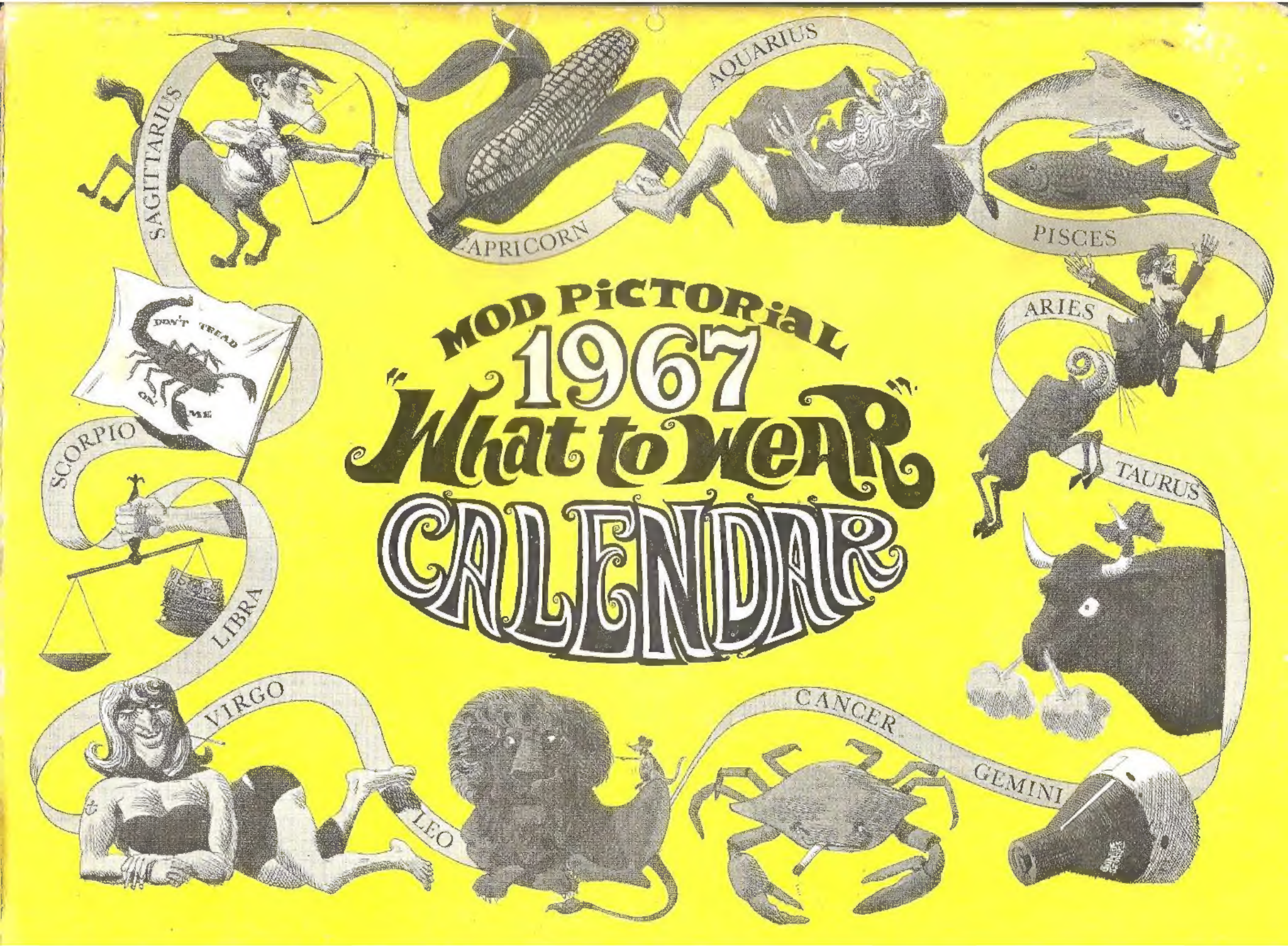
29	30	31				

Another glorious fashion year has ended, and another will officially get underway when a French designer will throw out the first bald-headed fashion consultant. The bald-headed feeling that is rampant in fashion circles this year is in stark contrast to the long-hair look of last year; a look that proved dangerous. Four designers were singed when their hair caught fire at an indoor cookout, while Edmund Hirsute was seriously injured at a fashion show when someone stepped on his hair.

As our calendar shows, new trends are on the way. Also, you might look for some new wrinkles in fashion—such as double breasted underwear and chenille arm garters.


SAGITTARIUS
CAPRICORN
AQUARIUS
PISCES
ARIES
TAURUS
GEMINI
CANCER
LEO
VIRGO
LIBRA
SCORPIO
DON'T TREAD ON ME
MOD PICTORIAL
1967
"What to Wear"
CALENDAR